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Sixth Series,  
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From Beginning,  
Vol. CCXIII.

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PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY  
THE LIVING AGE COMPANY, BOSTON.

## IN EARLY SPRING.

The water's awake at last, and the tawny  
meads grow green.

Clouds run over the sky, and the air is  
wild with glee.

Who can doubt for a minute what all the  
stir may mean?

The thrush goes flying up to the top of  
the poplar-tree,

With a "Spring! spring! spring!

Pretty-bird! pretty-bird! pretty-bird!"  
sings he.

Brave little pearls of palm begin to  
twinkle and gleam,

Frolicsome catkins volley gold-dust over  
the lea;

Oh; Earth is busy forgetting her wearisome  
winter-dream,

And loud and louder sings the thrush  
high up in the poplar-tree,

With a "Pretty-bird! pretty-bird! pretty-  
bird!

Spring! spring! spring!" carols he.

Speaker. B. E. BAUGHAN.

## THE BLIND ARCHER.

Little Boy Love drew his bow at a chance,  
Shooting down at the ball-room floor.

He hit an old chaperone watching the  
dance,

And, oh, but he wounded her sore!

"Heh, Love, you couldn't mean that!

Hi, Love, what would you be at!"

No word would he say,

But he flew on his way,

For the little Boy's busy, and how can  
he stay!

Little Boy Love drew a shaft just for  
sport

At the soberest club in Pall-Mall.

He winged an old veteran drinking his  
port,

And down that old veteran fell.

"Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!

Hi, Love, what would you be at!

This cannot be right!

It's ludicrous quite!"

But it's no use to argue, for Love's  
out of sight.

A sad-faced young clerk in a cell all apart  
Was planning a celibate vow,

But the Boy's random arrow has sunk in  
his heart

And the cell is an empty one now.

"Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!

Hi, Love, what would you be at!

He isn't for you

He has duties to do!"

"But I am his duty," quoth Love as he  
flew.

The King sought a bride, and the nation  
had hoped

For a Queen without rival or peer,

But the little Boy shot and the King has  
eloped

With Miss No-one on Nothing a year.

"Heh, Love, you couldn't mean that!

Hi, Love, what would you be at!

What an impudent thing

To make game of a king!"

"But I'm a king also!" cried Love on  
the wing.

Little Boy Love grew pettish one day.

"If you keep on complaining," he swore,

"I'll pack both my bow and my quiver  
away,

And so I shall plague you no more."

"Heh, Love, you mustn't do that!

Hi, Love, what would you be at!

You may ruin our ease,

You may do what you please,

But we can't do without you, you  
sweet little tease!"

Speaker. A. CONAN DOYLE.

## OH, FOR A POET.

Oh, for a poet—for a beacon bright,  
To rift this changeless glimmer of dead  
grey:

To spirit back the Muses, long astray,  
And flush Parnassus with a newer light;

To put these little sonnet-men to flight  
Who fashion, in a shrewd mechanic way,

Songs without souls that sicker for a day,  
To vanish in irrevocable night.

What does it mean, this barren age of  
ours?

Here are the men, the women, and the  
flowers—

The seasons, and the sunset, as before.

What does it mean? Shall not one bard  
arise

To wrench one banner from the western  
skies,

And mark it with his name forevermore?

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON.

IN KEDAR'S TENTS.<sup>1</sup>

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN, AUTHOR OF "THE SOWERS."

CHAPTER XI.

A TANGLED WEB.

"Wherein I am false, I am honest; not true to be true."

"And would you believe it, there are soldiers in the house, at the very door of Julia's apartments." Señora Barenna, who made this remark, heaved a sigh and sat back in her cane-work chair with that jerkiness of action which in elderly ladies usually betokens impatience with the ways of young people.

"Policemen—policemen, not soldiers," corrected Father Concha patiently, as if it did not matter much. They were sitting in the broad, vine-clad veranda of the Casa Barenna, that grim old house on the Bobadilla road, two miles from Ronda. The priest had walked thither, as the dust on his square-toed shoes and black stockings would testify. He had laid aside his mournful old hat, long since brown and discolored, and was wiping his forehead with a cheap pocket-handkerchief of color and pattern rather loud for his station in life.

"Well, they have swords," persisted the lady.

"Policemen," said Father Concha, in a stern and final voice, which caused Señora Barenna to cast her eyes upward with an air of resigned martyrdom.

"Ah, that alcalde!" she whispered between her teeth.

"A little dog when it is afraid growls," said Concha philosophically. "The alcalde is a very small dog, and he is at his wits' end. Such a thing has not occurred in Ronda before, and the alcalde's world is Ronda. He does not know whether his office permits him to inspect young ladies' love-letters or not."

"Love-letters!" ejaculated Señora Barenna. She evidently had a keen sense of the romantic, and hoped for something more tragic than a mere flirtation begotten of idleness at sea.

"Yes," said Concha, crossing his legs

and looking at his companion with a queer cynicism; "young people mostly pass that way."

He had had a tragedy, this old man, one of those grim tragedies of the cassock which English people rarely understand. And his tragedy sat beside him on the cane chair, stout and eminently worldly, while he had journeyed on the road of life with all his illusions, all his half-fledged aspirations untouched by the cold finger of reality. He despised the woman now. The contempt lurked in his cynical smile, but he clung with a half-mocking, open-eyed sarcasm to his memories.

"But," he said reassuringly, "Julia is a match for the alcalde, you may rest assured of that."

Señora Barenna turned with a gesture of her plump hands indicative of bewilderment.

"I do not understand her. She laughs at the soldiers—the policemen I mean. She laughs at me. She laughs at everything."

"Yes; it is the hollow hearts that make most noise in the world," said Concha, folding his handkerchief upon his knee. He was deadly poor, and had a theory that a folded handkerchief remains longer clean. His whole existence was an effort to do without those things that make life worth having.

"Why did you send for me?" he asked.

"But to advise me, to help me. I have been all my life cast upon the world alone—no one to help me, no one to understand. No one knows what I have suffered. My husband—"

"Was one of the best and most patient of mortals, and is assuredly in heaven, where, I hope, there are a few mansions reserved for men only."

Señora Barenna fetched one of her deepest sighs. She had a few lurking at the depths of her capacious being reserved for such occasions as this. It was, it seemed, no more than her life had led her to expect.

"You have had," went on her spiritual adviser, "a life of ease and luxury, a husband who denied you nothing. You have never lost a child by death,

<sup>1</sup> Copyright, 1896, by Henry Seton Merriman.

which, I understand, is—one of the greatest sorrows that God sends to women. You are an ungrateful female."

Señora Barena, whose face would have graced one of the very earliest of the martyrs, sat with folded hands waiting until the storm should pass.

"Do you wish me to see Julia?" asked Concha abruptly.

"Yes, yes; and persuade her to conciliate the alcalde, to tell him some story or another. It does not surely matter if it be not the strict truth—anything to get these men out of the house. My maid, María, is so flighty! Ah, those young people! What a trial, my dear padre—what a trial!"

"Of course," said Father Concha; "but what a dull world it would be if our neighbor knew how to manage his own affairs. Shall we go to Julia?"

The perturbed lady preferred that the priest should see her daughter alone. A military-looking individual in white trousers and a dark green tunic stood guard over the door of Julia's apartment, seeking by his attitude and the curl of his moustache to magnify his office in the eyes of a maid who happened to have an unusual amount of cleaning to do in that particular corridor.

"Ah!" said Father Concha, by no means abashed by the sentinel's sword—"ah, it is you, Manuel. Your wife tells me you have objections to the christening of that last boy of yours—No. 5, I think. Bring No. 5 on Sunday, after Vespers—eh? You understand, and a little something for the poor. It is pay-day on Saturday. And no more nonsense about religion. Manuel—eh?"

He shook his lean finger in the official's face and walked on unchallenged.

"May I come in?" he said, tapping at the door, and Julia's voice bade him enter.

He closed the door behind him and laid aside his hat. Then he stood upright, and slowly rubbing his hands together, looked at Julia with the humorous twinkle in his eye and its companion dimple twitching in his lean

cheek. Then he began to feel his pockets, passing his hands down his worn cassock.

"Let me see, I had a love-letter. Was it from Don Carlos? At all events, I have lost it!"

He laughed, made a perfunctory sign of the cross, and gave her his blessing. Then, his face having become suddenly grave, as if by machinery, at the sound of the solemn Latin benediction, he sat down.

Julia looked worn and eager. Her eyes seemed to search his face for news.

"Yes, my dear child," he said, "politics are all very well as a career, but without a distinct profit they are worth the attention of few men, and never the attention of a woman."

He looked at her keenly, and she turned to the window, which was open to admit the breath of violets and other flowers of the spring. She shrugged her shoulders and gave a sharp sigh.

"See here, my child," said Padre Concha abruptly, "for reasons which concern no one I take a great interest in your happiness; you resemble some one whose welfare was once more important to me than my own. That was long ago, and I now consider myself first, as all wise men should. I am your friend, Julia, and much too old to be over-scrupulous. I peep and pry into my neighbor's affairs, and am uneasy about you, my child."

He shook his head and drummed upon the table with his dirty fingers.

"Thank you," answered the girl, with her defiant little laugh; "but I can manage my own affairs."

The priest nodded reflectively.

"Yes," he said; "it is natural that you should say that. One of the chief blessings of youth is self-confidence. Heaven forbid that I should shake yours. But, you see, there are several people who happen to be anxious that this little affair should blow over and be forgotten. The alcalde is a mule, we know that; and anything that serves to magnify himself and his office is likely to be prolonged. Do not play into his hand. On the other side, there are some who wish to forget this incident.

and one of them is coming to see you this afternoon."

"Ah!" said the girl indifferently.

"General Vincente."

Julia changed color, and her eyelids flickered for a moment as she looked out of the open window.

"A good friend," continued Concha, "but—"

He finished the phrase with an eloquent little gesture of the hand. At this moment they both heard the sound of an approaching carriage.

"He is coming now," said Concha; "he is driving, so Estella is with him."

"Estella is, of course, jealous."

The priest looked at her with a slow, wise smile, and said nothing.

"She—" began Julia, and then closed her lips—true to that *esprit de sexe* which has ruled through all the ages. Then Julia Barenna gave a sharp sigh as her mind reverted from Estella's affairs to her own.

Sitting thus in silence, the two occupants of the quiet room heard the approach of steps and the clink of spurs in the corridor.

"It is the reverendo who visits the señorita," they heard the voice of the sentinel explain deprecatingly.

The priest rose and went to the door, which he opened.

"Only as a friend," he said. "Come in, general."

General Vincente entered the room, followed by Estella. He nodded to Concha and kissed his niece affectionately.

"Still obdurate?" he said, with a semi-playful tap on her shoulder. "Still obdurate? My dear Julia, in peace and war the greatest quality in the strong is mercy. You have proved yourself strong—you have worsted that unfortunate alcalde—be merciful to him now, and let this incident finish."

He drew forward a chair, the others being seated, and laid aside his gloves. The sword which he held upright between his knees, with his two hands resting on the hilt, looked incongruously large and reached the level of his eyes. He gave a little chuckling laugh.

"I saw him last night at the Café Real.

The poor man had the air of a funeral, and took his wine as if it were sour. Ah! these civilians, they amuse one; they take life so seriously."

He laughed and looked round on those assembled, as if inviting them to join him in a gayer and easier view of existence. The padre's furrowed face answered the summons in a sudden smile, but it was with grave eyes that he looked searchingly at the most powerful man in Andalusia, for General Vincente's word was law south of the Tagus.

The two men sat side by side in strong contrast. Fate, indeed, seems to shake men together in a bag and cast them out upon the world, heedless where they may fall for here was a soldier in the priest's habit, and one carrying a sword who had the keen heart and sure sympathy for joy or sorrow that should ever be found within a black coat if the Master's work is to be well done.

General Vincente smiled at Estella with *sang froid* and an unruffled good nature, while the Padre Concha, whose place it surely was to take the lead in such woman's work as this, slowly rubbed his bony hands together at a loss and incompetent to meet the urgency of the moment.

"Our guest left us yesterday morning," said the general, "and of course the alcalde placed no hindrance on his departure."

He did not look at Julia, who drew a deep breath and glanced at Estella.

"I do not know if Señor Conyngham left any message for you with Estella, to me he said nothing," continued Estella's father; and that young lady shook her head.

"No," she put in composedly.

"Then it remains for us to close this foolish incident, my dear Julia, and for me to remind you, seeing you are fatherless, that there are in Spain many adventurers who come here seeking the sport of love or war, who will ride away when they have had their fill of either.

He ceased speaking with a tolerant laugh, as one who, being a soldier himself, would beg indulgence for the fail-

ings of his comrades, examined the hilt of his sword, and then looked blandly round on three faces which refused to class the absent Englishman in this category.

"It remains, my dear niece, to satisfy the *alcalde*, a mere glance at the letter—sufficient to satisfy him as to the nature of its contents."

"I have no letter," said Julia quietly, with her level red lips set firmly.

"Not in your possession, but perhaps concealed in some place at hand, unless it is destroyed."

"I have destroyed no letter, I have concealed no letter, and I have no letter," said the girl quietly.

Estella moved uneasily in her chair. Her face was colorless and her eyes shone. She watched her cousin's face intently, and beneath his shaggy brows the old priest's eyes went from one fair countenance to the other.

"Then," cried the general, rising to his feet with an air of relief, "you have but to assure the *alcalde* of this, and the whole incident is terminated—blown over, my dear Concha—blown over."

He tapped the priest on the shoulder with great good-nature. Indeed, the world seemed sunny enough and free from cares when General Vincente had to deal with it.

"Yes, yes," said the padre, snuff-box in hand; "blown over, of course."

"Then I may send the *alcalde* to you, Julia, and you will tell him what you have told us. He cannot but take the word of a lady."

"Yes, if you like," answered Julia.

The general's joy knew no bounds.

"That is well," he cried. "I knew we could rely upon your good sense. Kiss me, Julia; that is well. Come, Estella, we must not keep the horses waiting."

With a laugh and a nod he went toward the door.

"Blown over, my dear Concha," he said, over his shoulder.

A few minutes later the priest walked down the avenue of walnut-trees alone. The bell was ringing for Vespers, but the padre was an autocratic shepherd, and did not hurry toward his flock.

The sun had set, and in the hollows of the distant mountains the shades of night already lay like a blue veil.

The priest walked on and presently reached the highroad.

A single figure was upon it, the figure of a man sitting in the shadow of an ilex-tree, half a mile up the road toward Bobadilla. The man crouched low against a heap of stones, and had the air of a wanderer. His face was concealed in the folds of his cloak.

"Blown over," muttered the padre, as he turned his back upon Bobadilla and went on toward his church—"blown over, of course, but what is Concepcion Vara doing in the neighborhood of Ronda to-night?"

## CHAPTER XII.

### ON THE TOLEDO ROAD.

"Une bonne intention est une échelle trop courte."

Conyngham made his way without difficulty or incident from Xeres to Cordova, riding for the most part in front of the clumsy *diligencia*, wherein he had bestowed his luggage. The road was wearisome enough, and the last stages, through the fertile plains bordering the Guadalquivir, dusty and monotonous.

At Cordova the traveller found comfortable quarters in an old inn overlooking the river. The ancient city was then, as it is now, a great military centre, and the headquarters of the picturesque corps of horsetamers, the *Remonta*, who are responsible for the mounting of a cavalry and the artillery of Spain. Conyngham had, at the suggestion of General Vincente, made such small changes in his costume as would serve to allay curiosity and prevent that gossip of the stable and kitchen which may follow a traveller to his hurt from one side of a continent to the other.

"Wherever you may go, learn your way in and out of every town, and you will thus store up knowledge most useful to a soldier," the general had said in his easy way.

"See you," Concepcion had observed, wagging his head over a cigarette, "to



go about the world with the eyes open is to conquer the world."

From his guide, moreover, whose methods were those that nature teaches to men who live their daily lives in her company, Conyngham learnt much of that road-craft which had raised Concepcion Vara to such a proud eminence among the rascals of Andalusia. Cordova was a good object upon which to practise, for Roman and Goth, Moor and Christian have combined to make its tortuous streets well-nigh incomprehensible to the traveller's mind.

Here Conyngham wandered, or else he sat somnolently on a seat in the Paseo del Gran Capitan, in the shade of the orange-trees, awaiting the arrival of Concepcion Vara. He made a few acquaintances, as every traveller who is not a bear must needs do in a country where politeness and hospitality and a grave good fellowship are the natural habit of high and low alike. A bull-fighter or two, who beguiled the long winter months when the rings are closed by a little innocent horse-dealing, joined him quietly in the streets, and offered him a horse, as between gentlemen of undoubted honor, at a price much below the current value. Or it was, perhaps, a beggar who came to him on the old yellow marble seat under the orange-trees, and chatted affably about his business as being bad in these times of war. Once, indeed, it was a white-haired gentleman who spoke in English, and asked some very natural questions as to the affairs that brought an Englishman to the town of Cordova. This sweet-spoken old man explained that strangers would do well to avoid all questions of politics and religion, which he classed together in one dangerous whole. Nevertheless Conyngham thought that he perceived his ancient friend the same evening hurrying up the steps of the Jesuit College of La Campania.

Two days elapsed and Concepcion Vara made neither appearance nor sign. On the second evening Conyngham decided to go on alone, prosecuting his journey through the sparsely populated

valley of the Alcadia to Ciudad Real, Toledo, and Madrid.

"You will ride," the innkeeper told him, "from the Guadalquivir to the Guadiana, and if there is rain you may be a month upon the road."

Conyngham set out in the early morning, and as he threw his leg across the saddle the sun rose over the far misty hills of Ronda, and Concepcion Vara awoke from his night's rest under the wall of an olive terrace above the Bobadilla road, to begin another day of patient waiting and watching to get speech with the maid or the mistress, for he had already inaugurated what he lightly called "an affair" with Julia's flighty attendant. The sun rose also over the plains of Xeres, and lighted up the picturesque form of Esteban Larralde, in the saddle this hour and more, having learnt that Colonel Monreal's death took place an hour before Conyngham's arrival in the town of Xeres de la Frontera. The letter, therefore, had not been delivered to Colonel Monreal, and was still in Conyngham's possession.

Larralde bestrode a shocking steed, and had but an indifferent seat in the saddle, but the dust rose beneath his horse's feet, and his spurs flashed in the sunlight as this man of many parts hurried on toward Utera and Cordova.

In the old Moorish palace in Ronda, General Vincente, summoned to a great council of war at Madrid, was making curt military preparations for his journey and the conveyance of his household to the capital. Señora Barena was for the moment forgetful of her nerves in the excitement of despatching servants in advance to Toledo, where she owned a summer residence. Julia was nervously anxious to be on the road again, and showed by every word and action that restlessness of spirit which is the inheritance of hungry hearts. Estella, quiet and self-contained, attended to the details of moving a vast and formal household with a certain eagerness, which in no way resembled Julia's feverish haste. Estella seemed to be one of those happy people who know what they want.

Thus Frederick Conyngham, riding northward alone, seemed to be but a pilot to all those persons, into whose lives he had suddenly stepped as from a side issue, for they were one and all making ready to follow him to the colder plains of Castile, where existence was full of strife and ambition, of war and those inner wheels that ever jar and grind where politicians contend together for the mastery of a moment.

As he rode on, Conyngham left a message from time to time for his self-appointed servant. At the offices of the diligencias in various towns on the great road from Cordova to Madrid he left word for Concepcion Vara to follow, should the spirit of travel be still upon him, knowing that at these places, where travellers were ever passing, the tittle-tattle of the road was on the tongue of every hostler and stable help. And truly enough there followed one who made careful inquiries as to the movements of the Englishman, and heard his messages with a grim smile; but this was not Concepcion Vara.

It was late one evening when Conyngham, who had quitted Toledo in the morning, began to hunger for the sight of the towers and steeples of Madrid. He had ridden all day through the bare country of Cervantes, where to this day Spain rears her wittiest men and plainest women. The sun had just set behind the distant hills of old Castile, and from the east, over Aranjuez, where the great river cuts Spain in two parts, from its centre to the sea, a grey cloud—a very shade of night—was slowly rising. The aspect of the brown plains was dismal, and on the horizon the rolling, unbroken land seemed to melt away into eternity and infinite space.

Conyngham reined in and looked around him. So far as eye could reach no house arose to testify to the presence of man. No laborer toiled home to his lonely hut, for in this country of many wars and interminable strife it has, since the days of Nebuchadnezzar, been the custom of the people to congregate in villages and small townships, where a common danger secured some protection against a lawless foe. The road

rose and fell in a straight line across the tableland without tree or hedge, and Madrid seemed to belong to another world, for the horizon, which was distant enough, bore no sign of cathedral spire or castled height.

Conyngham turned in his saddle to look back, and there, not a mile away, the form of a hurrying horseman broke the bare line of the dusty road. There was something weird and disturbing in this figure, a suggestion of pursuit in every line, for this was not Concepcion Vara. Conyngham would have known him at once. This was one wearing a better coat; indeed, Concepcion preferred to face life and the chances of the road in shirt-sleeves.

Conyngham sat in his saddle awaiting the newcomer. To meet on such a road in Spain without pausing to exchange a salutation would be a gratuitous insult; to ride in solitude within hail of another traveller were to excite or betray the deepest distrust. It was characteristic of Conyngham that he already waved his hand in salutation, and was prepared to hail the newcomer as the jolliest companion in the world.

Esteban Larralde, seeing the salutation, gave a short laugh, and jerked the reins of his tired horse. He himself wore a weary look, as if the flight he had in hand were an uphill one. He had long recognized Conyngham; indeed, the chase had been one of little excitement, but rather an exercise of patience and dogged perseverance. He raised his hat to indicate that the Englishman's gay salutations were perceived, and pulled the wide brim well forward again.

"He will change his attitude when it becomes apparent who I am," he muttered.

But Conyngham's first word would appear to suggest that. Esteban Larralde was a much less impressive person than he considered himself.

"Why, it's the devout lover!" he cried. "Señor Larralde, you remember me—Algeciras—and your pink love-letter. Deuced fishy love-letter that. Nearly got me into a devil of a row, I can tell you. How are you—eh?"

And the Englishman rode forward with a jolly laugh and his hand held out. Larralde took it without enthusiasm. It was rather difficult to pick a picturesque quarrel with such a person as this. Moreover, the true conspirator never believes in another man's honesty.

"Who would have expected to meet you here?" went on Conyngham jovially.

"It is not as surprising as you think."  
"Ah!"

There was no mistaking Larralde's manner, and the Englishman's gay, blue eyes hardened suddenly and rather surprisingly.

"No; I have followed you. I want that letter."

"Well, as it happens, Señor Larralde, I have not got your letter, and if I had I am not quite sure that I would give it to you. Your conduct in the matter has not been over nice; and to tell the truth, I don't think much of a man who gets strangers and women to do his dirty work for him."

Larralde stroked his moustache with a half-furtive air of contempt.

"I should have given the confounded letter to the alcalde of Ronda if it had not been that a lady would have suffered for it, and let you take your chance, Señor Larralde."

Larralde shrugged his shoulders.

"You would not have given it to the alcalde of Ronda," he said in a sneering voice, "because you want it yourself. You require it in order to make your peace with Estella Vincente."

"We are not going to talk of Señorita Vincente," said Conyngham quietly. "You say you followed me because you wanted that letter. It is not in my possession. I left it in the house of Colonel Monreal at Xeres. If you are going on to Madrid, I think I will sit down here and have a cigarette. If, on the other hand, you propose resting here, I shall proceed, as it is getting late."

Conyngham looked at his companion with a nod and a smile, which was not in the least friendly and at the same time quite cheerful. He seemed to rec-

ognize the necessity of quarrelling, but proposed to do so as light-heartedly as possible. They were both on horseback in the middle of the road, Larralde a few paces in the direction of Madrid.

Conyngham indicated the road with an inviting wave of the hand.

"Will you go on?" he asked.

Larralde sat looking at him with glittering eyes and said nothing.

"Then I will continue my journey," said the Englishman, touching his horse lightly with the spur. The horse moved on and passed within a yard of the other. At this moment Larralde rose in his stirrups and flung himself on one side.

Conyngham gave a sharp cry of pain and threw back his head. Larralde had stabbed him in the back.

The Englishman swayed in the saddle, as if trying to balance himself; his legs bent back from the knee in the sharpness of a biting pain. The heavy stirrups swung free. Then, slowly, Conyngham toppled forward and rolled out of the saddle, falling on to the road with a thud.

Larralde watched him with a white face and staring eyes. Then he looked quickly round over the darkening landscape. There was no one in sight. This was one of the waste places of the world. Larralde seemed to remember the Eye that seeth even there, and crossed himself as he slipped from the saddle to the ground. He was shaking all over. His face was ashen, for it is a terrible thing to kill a man and be left alone with him.

Conyngham's eyes were closed. There was blood on his lips. With hands that shook like leaves Esteban Larralde searched the Englishman, found nothing, and cursed his ill-fortune. Then he stood upright, and in the dim light his face shone as if he had dipped it in water. He crept into the saddle, and rode on toward Madrid.

It was quite dark when Conyngham recovered consciousness. In turning him over to search his pockets Larralde had perhaps, unwittingly, saved his life by placing him in a position that checked the internal hemorrhage.

What served to bring back the Englishman's wandering senses was the rumbling of heavy wheels and the crack of a great whip, as a cart laden with hay and drawn by six mules approached him from the direction of Toledo.

The driver of the team was an old soldier, as indeed were most of the Castilians at this time, and knew how to handle wounded men. With great care and a multitude of oaths he lifted Conyngham on to his cart and proceeded with him to Madrid.

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From *The Nineteenth Century*.  
MR. HERBERT SPENCER AND LORD SALISBURY ON EVOLUTION.

PART I.

Mr. Herbert Spencer contributed to this review in November, 1895, an article entitled "Lord Salisbury on Evolution." The occasion of it arose out of the brief and passing, but pungent, comments on the Darwinian theory, which formed part of Lord Salisbury's presidential address to the British Association at Oxford in 1894. In so far as that article is merely a reply to Lord Salisbury, it is not my intention here to come between the distinguished disputants. But, like everything from Mr. Spencer's pen, it is full of highly significant matter on the whole subject to which it relates. It takes a much larger view of the problems of biology than is generally taken, and it deals with them by a method which is excellent, so far as he goes, and which we can all take up and follow farther than the point at which he stops. Nor is his paper less instructive because he does stop in the application of his method just where it ought to be most continuously and rigorously applied. The method of Mr. Spencer is to insist on a clear definition of the words and phrases used in our biological data and speculations. No method could be more admirable than this. It is one for which I have myself a great predilection, and have continually used in all

difficult subjects of inquiry. Such, pre-eminently, are the problems presented by the nature and history of organic life. I propose, therefore, in this paper to accept Mr. Spencer's method, and to examine what light can come from it on this most intricate of all subjects.

The leading idea of Mr. Spencer's article is to assert and insist upon a wide distinction between the "natural selection" theory of Darwin and the general theory of what Mr. Spencer calls "organic evolution." He insists and reiterates that even if Darwin's special theory of natural selection were disproved and abandoned, the more general doctrine of organic evolution would remain unshaken. I entirely agree in this discrimination between two quite separate conceptions. But I must demand a farther advance on the same lines—an advance which Mr. Spencer has not made, and which does not appear to have occurred to him as required. Not only is Darwin's special theory of natural selection quite separable from the more general theory of organic evolution, but also Mr. Spencer's special version and understanding of organic evolution is quite separable from the general doctrine of development, with which, nevertheless, it is habitually confounded. It is quite as true that even if Mr. Spencer's theory of organic evolution were disproved and abandoned, the general doctrine of development would remain unshaken, as it is true that organic evolution would survive the demolition of the Darwinian theory of natural selection.

The great importance of these discriminations lies in this—that both the narrow theory of Darwin, and also the wider idea of organic evolution, have derived an adventitious strength and popularity from elements of conception which are not their own—elements of conception, that is to say, which are not peculiar to them, but common to them and to a much larger conception—a much wider doctrine—which has a much more indisputable place and rank in the facts of nature, and in the universal recognition of the human mind.

Let us, therefore, unravel this entanglement of separable ideas much more completely than Mr. Spencer has done in the article before us. And for this purpose let us begin at the bottom—with the one fundamental conception which underlies all the theories and speculations that litter the ground before us. That conception is simply represented by the old familiar word, and the old familiar idea—development. It is the conception of the whole world, in us and around us, being a world full of changes, which to-day leave nothing exactly as it was yesterday, and which will not allow to-morrow to be exactly as to-day. It is the conception of some things always coming to be, and of other things always ceasing to be—in endless sequences of cause and of effect. It has this great advantage—that it is not a mere doctrine nor a theory, nor an hypothesis, but a visible and undoubted fact. Nobody can deny or dispute it. Nowhere has it been more profoundly expressed and described, in its deepest meanings and significance, than in the words of that great metaphysician—whoever he may be—who wrote the Epistle to the Hebrews, when he describes the universe as a system in which “the things which we see were not made of things that do appear.” That is to say, that all its phenomena are due to causes which lie behind them, and which belong to the Invisible. Nor can we even conceive of its being otherwise. The causes of things—whatever these may be—are the sources out of which all things come, or are developed. What these causes are has been the great quest, and the great incentive to inquiry, since human thought began. But there never has been any doubt, or any failure, on the part of man to grasp the universal fact that there is a natural sequence among all things, leading from what has been to what is, and to what is to be. Whether he could apprehend or not the processes out of which these changes arise, he has always recognized the existence of such processes as a fact.

One might almost suppose from much of the talk we have had during

the last thirty years about development, that nobody had ever known or dwelt upon this universal fact until Lamarck and Darwin had discovered it. But all their theories, and, indeed, all possible theories which may supplant or supplement them, are nothing but guesses at the details of the processes through which causation works its way from innumerable small beginnings to innumerable great and complicated results. Every one of these guesses may be wrong in whole, or in essential parts, but the universal facts of development in nature remain as certain and as obvious as before.

It is a bad thing, at least for a time, when the undoubtedness of a great general conception such as this—of the continuity of causation and of the gradual accumulation of its effects—gets hooked on (as it were) in the minds of theorists to their own little fragmentary fancies as to particular modes of operation. But it is a worse thing still when this spurious and accidental affiliation becomes so established in the popular mind that men are afraid not to accept the fancies lest they should be thought to impugn admitted and authoritative truths. Yet this is exactly what has happened with the Darwinian theory. The very word development was captured by the Darwinian school as if it belonged to them alone, and the old familiar idea was identified with theories with which it had no necessary connection whatever. Development is nowhere more conspicuous than in the history of human inventions; the gun, the watch, the steam-engine, have all passed through many stages of development, every step in which is historically known. So it is with human social and political institutions, when they are at all advanced. But this kind and conception of development has nothing whatever to do with the purely physical conceptions involved in the Darwinian theory. The idea, for example, of one suggestion arising out of another in the constructive mind of man, is a kind of development absolutely different from the idea of one specific kind of organic



structure being born of quite another form of structure without the directing agency of any mind at all. Our full persuasion of the perfect continuity of causation does not compel us to accept, even for a moment, the idea of any particular cause which may be obviously incompetent, far less such as may be conspicuously fantastic. Nor—and this is often forgotten—does the most perfect continuity of causes involve, as a necessary consequence, any similar continuity in their visible effects. These effects may be sudden and violent, although the previous working has been slow and even infinitesimally gradual. In short, the general idea of development is a conception which remains untouched whether we believe, or do not believe, in hypotheses which profess to explain its steps.

Mr. Spencer, then, adopts an excellent method when he insists upon discriminations such as these between very different things jumbled together and concealed under loose popular phrases. But, unfortunately, he fails to pursue this method far enough. There is great need of the farther application of it to his own language. He tells us that Darwinism is to be carefully distinguished from what he calls "Organic evolution." Darwinism he defines in the phrases of its author. But organic evolution he does not define so as to bring out the special sense in which he himself always uses it. On the contrary he employs words to define organic evolution which systematically confound it with the general idea of development, whilst concealing this confusion under a change of name. The substitution of the word evolution for the simpler word development has, in this point of view, an unmistakable significance. I do not know of any real difference between the two words, except that the word development is older and more familiar, whilst evolution is more modern, and has been more completely captured and appropriated by a particular school. But Darwin's theory is quite as distinctly and as definitely a theory of organic evolution as the theory of which Mr. Spencer boasts

that it will remain secure even if Darwinism should be abandoned. Both these theories are equally hypotheses as to the particular processes through which development has held its way in that department of nature which we know as organic life. But it is quite possible to hold, and even to be certain, that development has taken place in organic forms, without accepting either Darwin's or Mr. Spencer's explanation of the process. They both rest—as we shall see—upon one and the same fundamental assumption; and they are both open to one and the same fundamental objection—viz., the incompetence of them both to account for, or to explain, all the phenomena, or more even than a fraction of the facts, with which they profess to deal.

In order to make this plain we have only to look closely to the peculiarities of the Darwinian theory, and ascertain exactly how much of it, or how little of it, is common to the theory which Mr. Spencer distinguishes by the more general title of organic evolution. Darwin's theory can be put into a few very simple propositions—such as these: All organisms have offspring. These offspring have an innate and universal tendency to variation from the parent form. These variations are indeterminate—taking place in all directions. Among the offspring thus varying, and between them and other contemporary organisms, there is a perpetual competition and struggle for existence. The variations which happen to be advantageous in this struggle—from some accidental better fitting into surrounding conditions—will have the benefit of that advantage in the struggle. They will conquer and prevail; whilst other variations, less advantageous, will be shouldered out—will die and disappear. Thus step by step, Darwin imagined, more and more advantageous varieties would be continually produced, and would be perpetuated by hereditary transmission. By this process, prolonged through ages of unknown duration, he thought it was possible to account for the origin of the millions of specific forms which now constitute the



organic world. For this theory, as we all know, Darwin adopted the phrase natural selection. It was an admirable phrase for giving a certain plausibility and vogue to a theory full of weaknesses not readily detected. It spread over the confused and disjointed bones of a loose conception the ample folds of a metaphor taken from wholly different and even alien spheres of experience and of thought. It resorted to the old, old, Lucretian expedient of personifying nature, and lending the glamour of that personification to the agency of bare mechanical necessity, and to the coincidences of mere fortuity.

Selection means the choice of a living agent. The skilful breeders of doves, and dogs, and horses, were, in this phrase, taken as the type of nature in her production and in her guidance of varieties in organic structure. Darwin did not consciously choose this phrase because of these tacit implications. He was in all ways simple and sincere, and he no more meant to impose upon others than on himself when he likened the operations of nature in producing new species to the foreseeing skill of the breeder in producing new and more excellent varieties in domestic animals. Nevertheless, as a fact, this implication is indelible in the phrase, and has always lent to it more than half its strength, and all its plausibility. Darwin was led to it by an intellectual instinct which is insuperable—viz., the instinct which sees the highest explanations of nature in the analogies of mental purpose and direction. The choice by Darwin of the phrase natural selection was in itself an excellent example of its only legitimate meaning. He did not invent either the idea or the phrase of selection. He found it existing and familiar. He took it from the literature of the farmyard and of the stable. He told Lyell that it was constantly used in all books of breeding. It was his own intellectual nature that made the choice, selecting it out of old materials. These materials were gathered out of the experience of human life, and out of the nearest analogies of that natural sys-

tem of which man is the highest visible exponent. But Darwin neither saw nor admitted its implications. The great bulk of his admirers were not only in the same condition of mind, but rejoiced in his theory for the very reason that it rested mainly on the idea of fortuity, or of mechanical necessity, and excluded altogether the competing idea of mental direction and design. In this they were more Darwinian than Darwin himself. He assumed, indeed, that variations were promiscuous and accidental; but he did so avowedly only because he did not know any law directing and governing their occurrence. His fanatical followers went farther. They have assumed that on this question there is nothing to be known, and that the rule of accident and of mechanical necessity had forever excluded the agency of mind.

Let us now ask of ourselves the question, Which of those two elements in Darwin's theory—the element of accident and of mechanical necessity, or the element of a directing agency in the path of variation—has best stood the test of thirty years' discussion, and thirty years of closer observation? Can there be any doubt on this? Year after year, and decade after decade, have passed away, and as the reign of terror which is always established for a time to protect opinions which have become a fashion, has gradually abated, it has become more and more clear that mere accidental variations, and the mere accidental fitting of these into external conditions, can never account for the definite progress of adjustment and adaptation along certain lines which is the most prominent of all the characteristics of organic development. It would be as rational to account for the poem of the "Iliad," or for the play of "Hamlet," by supposing that the words and letters were adjusted to the conceptions by some process of "natural selection" as to account, by the same formula, for the intricate and glorious harmonies of structure with functions in organic life.

It has been seen, moreover, more and more clearly, that whilst that branch

of his theory which rested on fortuity was obviously incompetent, that other branch of it which claimed affiliation with the directing agency of mind and choice was as incompetent as its strange ally. Selection, as we know it, cannot make things; it can only choose among materials already made and open to the exercise of choice. Therefore selection, whether by man or by what men are pleased to call nature, can never account for the origin of anything. Then, other flaws, equally damaging to the theory, have been, one after another, detected and exposed. There are a multitude of structures in which no utility can be detected, but in which, nevertheless, development has certainly held its way, steadily, and often with marvellous results. Nor is it less certain that there are some characteristics of many organisms which can be of no use whatever to themselves, but are of immense use to other organisms which find them nutritive and delicious to devour or valuable to domesticate and enslave. In short, men have been more and more coming to perceive that, as Agassiz once wrote to me in a private letter, "the phenomena of organic life have all the wealth and intricacy of the highest mental manifestations, and none of the simplicity of purely mechanical laws."

What, then, is Mr. Spencer's own verdict on the Darwinian theory of natural selection? He confesses at once that it gives no explanation of some of the phenomena of organic life. But he specifies one example which makes us doubt whether in his mouth the admission is of any value. The effects of use and disuse on organs are, he says, not accounted for.<sup>1</sup> The example is surely a bad one as any measure, or even as any indication, of the quality and variety of biological facts which altogether outrun the ken of Darwinism. In my opinion, it is no example at all—because natural selection is so vague and metaphorical in its implications that it may be made to cover and include quite as good an explanation of the effects of disuse as of a thousand

other familiar facts. Organs, when fit and ready for use, are strengthened by healthy exercise. Organs, on the other hand, of the same kind, are weakened and atrophied by long-continued disuse. This is a familiar fact. What can be more easy than to translate this general fact into Darwinese phraseology? Nature has a special favor for organs put to use. She strengthens them more and more by a process falling well under the idea of natural selection. In like manner, nature deals unfavorably with organs which are allowed to be idle and inactive. She places them at a disadvantage, and they tend to perish.

The truth is that the phrase natural selection and the group of ideas which hide under it, is so elastic that there is nothing in heaven or on earth that by a little ingenuity may not be brought under its pretended explanation. Darwin in 1859-60 wondered "how variously" his phrase had been "misunderstood." The explanation is simple: it was because of those vague and loose analogies which are so often captivating. It is the same now, after thirty-six years of copious argument and exposition. Darwin ridiculed the idea which some entertained that natural selection "was set up as an active power or deity;" yet this is the very conception of it which is at this moment set up by the most faithful high priest in the Darwinian Cult. Professor Poulton of Oxford gives to natural selection the title of "a motive power" first discovered by Darwin. This development is perfectly intelligible. Nature is the old traditional refuge for all who will not see the work of creative mind. Everything that is—everything that happens—is, and happens naturally. Nature personified does, and is, our all in all. She is the universal agent, and at the same time the universal product. What she does she may easily be conceived as choosing to do, or selecting to be done, out of countless alternatives before her. Then we have only to shut our eyes, blindly or conveniently, to the absolute difference between the idea of merely

<sup>1</sup> P. 740.

selecting out of existing things, and of selecting by prevision out of conceivable things yet to be—we have only to cherish or even to tolerate this confusion of thought—and then we can cram into our theories of natural selection the very highest exercises of mind and will. Let us carry out consistently the analogy of thought involved in the agency of a human breeder; let us emancipate this conception from the narrow limits of operation within which we know it to be confined; let us conceive a strictly homologous agency in nature which has power not merely to select among organs already so developed as to be fit for use, but to select and direct beforehand the development of organs through many embryotic stages of existence when no use is possible; let us conceive, in short, an agency in nature which keeps, as it were, a book in which ‘all our members are written, which in continuance are fashioned when as yet there are none of them,’<sup>1</sup> then the phrase and the theory of natural selection may be accepted as at least something of an approach to an explanation of the wonderful facts of biological development.

But this is precisely the aspect of the Darwinian theory which Mr. Spencer dislikes the most. It is the aspect most adverse to his own philosophy. And as “natural rejection” is a necessary correlative of all conceptions of natural selection, so Mr. Spencer’s intellectual instincts perceive this necessary antagonism, and lead him to dissent from Darwin’s theory on account of that very element on which much of its popular success has undoubtedly depended. Mr. Spencer dismisses with something like contempt the ideas connected with the agency of a human breeder. He has, therefore, always condemned the phrase under which this idea is implied. He will have nothing to do with the conception of mind guiding and directing the course of development. Therefore, he has always suggested the adoption of an alternative phrase for the Darwin theory, which phrase is the “survival of the fittest.” It has always

seemed to me that the insuperable objection to this phrase is that it means nothing but a mere truism. If we eliminate from Darwin’s theory the mental element of selection, and if we eliminate also, as we must do, the element of pure chance, which, of course, is nothing but a confession of ignorance, what is there remaining? Mr. Spencer’s answer to this question is that the “survival of the fittest” remains. Yes—but this is a mere restatement of certain facts under an altered form of words which pretends to explain them, whilst in reality it contains no explanatory element whatever. The survival of the fittest? Fittest for what? For surviving. So that the phrase means no more than this, that the survivor does survive. It surely did not need the united exertions of the greatest natural observer of modern times, and the reasonings of one of the most popular of modern philosophers, to assure us of the truth of this identical proposition. Yet, in the article now under review, it is at least a comfort to find that Mr. Spencer confesses to the empty certitude which his phrase contains. He says it is a self-evident proposition like an axiom in mathematics. The negation of it, he says, is inconceivable. But if so, it tells us nothing. If we do enter at all on the field of speculation on the origin and development of organic things, we do not care to be assured that the fittest for surviving do, accordingly, and necessarily, survive. What we want to know—or at least to have some glimpse of—is the processes of development, through which fitness has been attained for innumerable divergent paths of energy and of enjoyment. A theory which, in answer to our inquiries on this high theme, tells us confessedly nothing but the self-evident proposition that the creatures fittest to survive do actually survive, is manifestly nothing but a mockery and a snare.

But Mr. Spencer has a substitute for the Darwinian theory thus reduced to emptiness—something which, he says, lies behind and above it, and which

<sup>1</sup> Ps. cxxxix. v. 16.

<sup>2</sup> P. 748-9.

only emerges with all the greater certainty when the ruins of that theory have been cleared away. This substitute is the generalized term "organic evolution." But what is this? Is it anything more than the general idea of development in its special application to organic life? No, it is nothing more. It is again the mere assertion of a self-evident proposition—that organic forms have been developed—somehow. We know it in the case of our own bodies and in the case of all contemporary living things. Mr. Spencer gives us no short and clear definition of what he means by organic evolution either in itself or as distinguished from the form of it taken in the Darwinian theory of natural selection. He refers to some of the characteristic features of all development, which are really sufficiently well known to all of us. Nothing that we see, or know, nothing that we can even conceive, is produced at once as a finished article, ready made without any previous processes of growth. All this is no theory. It is a fact. Mr. Spencer laboriously counts up four or five great heads of evidence upon this subject, as if any one does or could dispute it. First comes geology, with its long record of organic forms, showing, despite many gaps and breaks, on the whole an orderly procession from the more simple to the most complex structures. Secondly comes the science of classification, the whole principle of which is founded on the possibility of arranging animal forms according to definite likenesses and affinities in structure. Thirdly comes the distribution of species—showing special likenesses between the living fauna and the extinct fauna of the great continents and islands of the globe, which are most widely separate from others, and suggesting that, as the likeness has been continuous, so it must be due to local continuities of growth. Fourthly there are the wonderful facts of embryology, which are full of suggestions to a like effect. Then there is another head of evidence, making a fifth, which Mr. Spencer is disposed to add to the other four—a head of evidence which

I venture to regard as even more interesting and significant than any other—that, namely, which rests on the occurrence of what are called rudimentary organs in many animal frames—that is to say, organs, or bits of structure, which, in those particular creatures, are almost or entirely devoid of any functional use, but which correspond, more or less, with similar organs in other animals where they are in full, and all-important, functional activity.

I accept all these five lines of evidence as each and all confirmatory of the leading idea of development—an idea which I hold to be indisputably applicable to everything, and especially to organic life. But Mr. Spencer is dreaming if he assumes that any, or all, of these evidences prove either that particular theory of evolution which was Darwin's, or that modification of it which is his own. He seems to think, and indeed expressly assumes, that the only alternative to that theory is what he calls the theory of "special creation." But I do not know of any human being who holds that theory in the sense in which Mr. Spencer understands it. He deals with what he calls special creation very much as the late Professor Huxley used to deal with the idea of a deluge. That is to say, he puts that idea into an absurd form, and then ascribes that absurdity to his opponents. Huxley used to picture a deluge as involving the idea of a mass of water, thousands of feet deep, holding its place at one time and over the whole globe, in defiance of the laws of gravitation and especially of hydrostatics. It is a pity that Huxley did not live to see the venerable Sir Joseph Prestwich—the greatest authority on quaternary geology—avow his conviction that during that period of the earth's history, there is clear geological evidence that there must have been some great submergence which was very wide, sudden, transitory, and extensively destructive to terrestrial life.

In like manner Mr. Spencer insists that those who have believed in special creation must believe in the bodies of all animals appearing suddenly, ready

made, complete, in all their parts, out of the dust of the ground and the elements of the atmosphere. This, indeed, may have been the crude idea of many men in former times, in so far (which was very little) as they gave themselves any time to think or to form any definite conceptions on the meaning of the words they used. But the late Mr. Aubrey Moore, in an interesting essay,<sup>1</sup> has reminded us that it was the extravagant literalism of Puritan theology which first embodied in popular form this coarser view of creation, in a famous passage of "Paradise Lost."<sup>2</sup> Yet this is a passage which probably no man can now read, notwithstanding the splendid diction of the poet, without feeling the picture it presents to be childish and grotesque. Mr. Moore has reminded us, too, that both among the fathers and the schoolmen of the Christian Church, there was no antipathy to the idea that animals were, somehow, genetically related to each other. I doubt whether there is now any man of common education who believes, for example, that each of the many kinds of wild pigeons which are spread over the globe, and which are all so closely related to each other by conspicuous similarities of form, were all separately and individually created out of the raw materials of nature.

Lord Salisbury in his address says that one thing Darwin has done has been to destroy the doctrine of the immutability of species. This may be true of absolute immutability, which can be asserted of nothing that exists in this world. Yet it does not follow that the converse is true, namely, what may be called the fluidity, or perpetual instability of species. There is at least one possible, and even probable, alternative between these two extreme alternatives. It is surely a curious fact that the two greatest naturalists of the modern world, Cuvier and Linnaeus, whose minds were brought by their special pursuits into the closest possible contact with the only facts in na-

ture that have a direct bearing on this question, were both of them not only convinced of the stability of species, but recognized it as the essential foundation of all their work. Stability, however, was the word they used, not immutability. Classification was their special work, and the whole principle of classification, as Mr. Spencer truly says, rests on the idea, and on the fact, that all living creatures can be arranged in groups by endless cycles of definite affinity and of definite divergence. Linnaeus applied this principle to the living world as it exists now, and his famous binomial system, which survives to the present day, assumes, as a fact, that in that world genera and species are practically stable. Cuvier, on the other hand, was largely concerned with the extinct forms of life, and his classification of them and his identification of their relations with living forms, would have been impossible if the peculiarities of the structure in all living things had not maintained through unknown ages the same persistent character. He therefore declared, with truth, that the very possibility of establishing a science of natural history absolutely depends on the stability of species.

If, then, we give up the idea that species have been permanently immutable, we must beware of rushing off to antithetical conclusions which are at variance with at least all contemporary facts in the living world, and which, as regards the past, rest mainly on our impossibilities of conception in a matter on which we are profoundly ignorant. Species, if not absolutely immutable, have now undoubtedly, and always have had, a very high degree of stability and endurance. If mutations have occurred, it must have been under some conditions, and under some law, of which we have no example and can form no conception. It is at this point that the theory of organic evolution, when understood in what may be called the party sense, breaks down as an easy explanation of the facts. It may be true that the idea of separate creations continually repeated, is an

<sup>1</sup> "Science and Faith," 1889, "Darwinism and the Christian Faith."

<sup>2</sup> Book vii.



idea which represents an escape from thought, rather than an exercise of reasonable speculation on the processes through which development has been conducted. But unfortunately, exactly the same may be said of the idea of species being so unstable that they were constantly passing into each other by nothing but fortuitous and infinitesimal variations.

This, indeed, may be an easier conception than any other. But it is easier only because it takes no notice of insuperable difficulties and disagreements with the facts. Species have been quite as stable throughout all the geological ages as they are at present. Linnæus's binomial system of classification is as applicable to, and fits as well into the Trilobites of the Paleozoic rocks—the Brachyopods and the Cephalopods of the Secondary ages—the Mammalia of the Tertiary epoch, as it fits into all the species now alive or only recently extinct. Each species has its own distinctive characters, down to the minutest ornamentation on a scale or on an osseous scute, or to the peculiar varieties of pattern on the convolutions of an Ammonite. These species continue till they die, and then they are often suddenly replaced by new forms and new patterns, all as definite and as persistent as before. How this takes place no man as yet can tell.

I recollect one striking illustration. Some thirty-five years ago I visited the distinguished French geologist Barrande, who devoted himself for years to the life-history of the Trilobites in the Silurian rocks of Bohemia. He had a magnificent collection of those curious crustaceans in his house in Prague. Nothing was more remarkable than the stability of the forms which he identified. This stability extended to the immature or larval forms of each species. He had specimens in every stage of growth. He was good enough to drive with me to the beds of rock which contained them. They were the rocks forming in low but steep hills—the containing walls of the Valley of the Moldau. They consisted of a highly fissile

slaty rock, the planes of which were often charged with the fossils. They seemed to me to be singularly regular and unbroken by clefts or chasms; yet in the middle of these regular and consecutive beds there were members of the series which suddenly displayed new species. Barrande was puzzled by the phenomenon. Where could these new species come from? It never occurred to him that possibly they might be born suddenly on the spot. So, to meet the difficulty, he invented the theory of "colonies"—emigrants from some other centre which had migrated and settled there. Of course, this is no solution, but only a banishment of the difficulty to some other place. The more common bolt-hole for escaping from this difficulty is to plead the "imperfection of the record." But this does not really avail us much. As regards terrestrial forms of life, indeed, it is true that the record is very imperfect, because the conditions are rare and partial under which land animals can be preserved in aqueous deposits. Consequently, as regards them, we never get a complete series. But there are many great rock-formations of marine origin, which were continuous deposits for ages, at least long enough to embrace the first appearance of many new species. Yet these new species never seem to be mere haphazard variations from pre-existing forms. They never have the least appearance of the lawless mixtures of hybridism. On the contrary, the new forms are always as sharply defined as the old, differing from them by characters which are as well marked and as constant as all their predecessors in the wonderful processions of organic life. It helps us very little to remember that in the existing world some varieties do occur in certain species, varieties which are sometimes sufficiently well marked to raise the question among classifiers whether they are, or are not, sufficiently constant to deserve the name of separate species. This helps us little, because such varieties are very limited in extent, and are almost always confined to such superficial features as the



color of hair or of feathers. They never, so far as I know, affect organic structure, and no accumulation of them would account for the very different kinds of variation which are conspicuous in the successions of organic life.

But these are not the only difficulties which beset any intelligent acceptance of the theory of purely mechanical and mindless evolution through changes infinitesimal and fortuitous. There is another difficulty much more fundamental. That theory, in all its forms, involves always one assumption, which, so far as I have observed, is never expressly stated. It is the assumption that organic life never could have been introduced, or multiplied, except by the processes of reproduction or of ordinary generation, such as we see them now. Yet—if we only think of it—this is an assumption which not only may be wrong, but which cannot possibly be true. We know as certainly as we know anything in the physical sciences, that organic life must have had a definite beginning, in time, upon this globe of ours. If so, then of course that beginning cannot possibly have been by way of ordinary generation. Some other process must have been employed, however little we are able to conceive what that process was. All our desperate attempts, therefore, to get rid of the idea of creation, as distinguished from mere procreation, are self-condemned as futile. The facts of nature, and the necessities of thought, compel us to entertain the conception of an absolute beginning of organic life, when as yet there were no parent forms to breed and multiply.

Darwin, as is well known, recognized this ultimate necessity. He clothed the conception of it in words derived from the old and time-honored language of Genesis. He spoke of the Creator first breathing the breath of life into a few, perhaps only into one single organic form. His followers generally seem to regard this as a weak concession on the part of their great master. They never dwell on it. They never realize that without it, or without some substitute for it, the whole structure of what they

call organic evolution is without a basis—that it represents a chain hanging in mid air, having no point of attachment in the heavens or on earth. It is as certain as anything in human thought that, when organic life was first introduced in the world, something was done—some process was employed—differing from that by which those forms do now simply reproduce and repeat themselves.

But the moment this concession has been fully, frankly, and intelligently made—another concession necessarily follows—namely this, that we cannot safely conclude that the first, and more strictly creative, process has never been repeated. Yet this is the assumption tacitly involved in all the current materialistic theories of evolution. It is an assumption nevertheless in favor of which there is assuredly no antecedent probability. On the contrary, the presumption is that as solitary exceptions are really unknown in nature, the same processes may very well have been often repeated from time to time. Or perhaps even it may be true that such processes are involved in, and form an essential part of, the infinite mysteries of what we call, and think of so carelessly, as ordinary generation. This is an idea which opens very wide indeed our intellectual eyes, and gives them much to do in watching and interpreting the fathomless wonder of familiar things.

Let us however, provisionally, at least, accept the belief that organic life was first called into existence in the form of some three, or four, or five germs—each being the progenitor of one of the great leading types of the animal creation in respect to peculiarities of structure—one for the Vertebrata; one for the Mollusca; one for the Crustacea; one for the Radiata; and one for the Insecta. Let us assume, farther, on the same footing, that from each of these germs all the modifications belonging to each class have been developed by what we call the processes of ordinary generation. Then it follows that as all these modifications have undoubtedly taken definite

directions from invisible beginnings to the latest results and complexities of structure, the original germs must have been so constituted as to contain these complexities, potentially, within themselves. This conclusion is not in the least affected by any influence we may attribute to external surrounding. The Darwinian school in all its branches invariably dwell on external conditions as physical causes. But it is obvious that these can never act upon an organic mechanism except through, and by means of, a responsive power in that mechanism itself to follow the direction given to it, whether from what we call inside or outside things.

This is no transcendental imagination, as some might think it. It is a conclusion securely founded on the most certain facts of embryology. It is the great peculiarity of organic development or growth that it always follows a determinate course to an equally determinate end. Each separate organ begins to appear before it can be actually used. It is always built up gradually for the discharge of functions which are yet lying in the future. In all organic growths this future dominates the present. All that goes on at any given time in such growths has exclusive reference to something else that has yet to be done, in some other time which is yet to come. On this cardinal fact, or law, in biology there ought to be no dispute with Mr. Spencer. Numberless writers before him have indeed implied it in their descriptions of embryological phenomena, and of the later growth of adapted organs. But, so far as I know, no writer before Mr. Spencer has perceived so clearly its universal truth, or has raised it to the rank of a fundamental principle of philosophy. This he has done in his "Principles of Biology," pointing out that it constitutes the main difference between the organic and the inorganic world. Crystals grow, but when they have been formed there is an end of the operation; they have no future. But the growth of a living organ is always premonitory of, and preparative for, the future discharge of some functional

activity. As Mr. Spencer expresses it, "changes in inorganic things have no apparent relations to future external events which are sure, or likely, to take place. In vital changes, however, such relations are manifest."<sup>1</sup> This is an excellent generalization. It only needs that the word "relations" be translated from the abstract into the concrete. The kind of relation which is "manifest" is the relation of a previous preparation for an intended use. Unfortunately Mr. Spencer is perpetually escaping or departing from the consequences of his own "manifest relations." In a subsequent passage of the same work<sup>2</sup> he says, "everywhere structures in great measure determine functions." This is exactly the reverse of the manifest truth—that the future functions determine the antecedent growth of structure. This escape from his own doctrine on the fundamental distinction between the organic and the inorganic world is an escape entirely governed by his avowed aim to avoid language having teleological implications. But surely it is bad philosophy to avoid any fitting words because of implications which are manifestly true, and are an essential part of their descriptive power.

If, therefore, we are to accept the hypothesis that all vertebrate animals, whether living or extinct, have been the offspring, by ordinary generation, of one single germ, originally created, then that original germ must have contained within itself certain innate properties of development along definite lines of growth, the issues of which have been forearranged and predetermined from the first. I have elsewhere<sup>3</sup> shown how this conception permeates, involuntarily, all the language of descriptive science when specialists take it in hand to express and explain the facts of biology to others. Huxley habitually uses the word "plan" as applicable to the mechanism of all organic frames.

<sup>1</sup> Spencer's "Principles of Biology," vol. i., ch. v., p. 73.

<sup>2</sup> *Ibid.* vol. ii., ch. i., p. 4.

<sup>3</sup> "Philosophy of Belief," ch. iii.

This is a theory of creation—by whatever other name men may choose to deceive themselves by calling it. It is a theory of development too, of course, but of a development of purpose. It is a theory of evolution also—but of evolution in its relation to an involution first. Nothing can come out that has not first been put in. It is not less a theory of creation which, whether true or not, gets rid absolutely of the elements of chance so valued by Darwin's more fanatical followers, and of the mere mechanical necessity which seems to be favored by Mr. Spencer.

It must be obvious, however, that the burden of this conception would be greatly lightened if we give up the unjustifiable, and indeed irrational, assumption that what all admit must have happened once, can never have been repeated, namely, the introduction of new germs with their own special potentialities of development. There are natural divisions in the animal kingdom which seem to suggest the idea of a fresh start on new lines of evolution. The mammalia may well have been thus begun as a great advance on the hideous reptiles, which once dominated the world both by land and sea. Fishes may well have had another separate ancestral germ—and so with all the lower orders of creation, some of which are very deeply divided from each other. I know of no natural or rational limitation on the possibilities of this suggestion. On the contrary, the general law of the continuity of nature is favorable to repetition of any and every precedent which has once been set in the processes of creation. And the conceivableness of this process would be indefinitely increased if we invoke the help of another principle, and of another analogy in the actual phenomena of organic life—and that is the great rapidity with which organic germs can sometimes evolve their involutions—and develop their predestined and pre-arranged aptitudes.

The Darwinian idea has persistently been that the steps of development have been always infinitesimally small,

and that only by the accumulation of these, during immeasurable ages, could new forms have been established. It has long occurred to me that this assumption is against the analogies of nature, seeing that in all cases of ordinary generation, and conspicuously in a thousand cases of metamorphoses among the lower creatures, the full development of germs takes a very short time indeed. In the case of some birds, a fortnight or three weeks at the outside is enough of time wherein to develop, from an egg, a complete fowl with legs, and wings, and instincts, all ready made to lead an adult and independent life. In some insects a few hours is enough to produce a creature very highly organized, with many special adaptations. In other numberless cases, a living creature, already leading a separate life, is put to sleep within an external case or shell, and, in that state of sleep, is radically transformed in all its organs, and comes out in a few days an entirely new animal form, with new powers, fitted for new spheres of activity and of enjoyment. All these incomprehensible facts—in which nothing but the blinding effects of familiarity conceals from us the really creative processes involved—demonstrate the absurdity of supposing that new species could not be evolved from germs except by steps infinitesimally slow, and accumulated through unnumbered ages.

This powerful argument, securely founded on the most notorious facts of the living world, has for many years entirely relieved my mind from the supposed difficulty of reconciling all that is essential in the idea of creation with the pretended competing idea of evolution or development. I have not, however, hitherto used it publicly, not having had a fitting opportunity of so doing. But I do not recollect having seen it used by others. It is, therefore, with no small surprise that, in the article now under review, I find it taken up by Mr. Spencer, and used for a wholly different contention. His adoption of it is a good example of the uses of controversy. Thirty-two years ago he

would not have used it. We have good evidence of this in a vigorous letter published in the appendix to Vol. I. of his "Principles of Biology," 1864. In that letter he makes "enormous time" an essential condition of even the very lowest steps in organic evolution. And for a good reason, which, with his usual candor, he frankly explains. The sudden or very rapid evolution of even the lowest organic forms, from some primordial germs, he sees plainly, would be a very dangerous admission. "If there can suddenly be imposed on simple protoplasm the organization which constitutes it a *Paramœcium*, I see no reason why animals of greater complexity, or indeed of any complexity, may not be constituted after the same manner." Therefore, to escape from an idea so perilous to his philosophy, he asserts his conviction that "to reach by this process (organic evolution) the comparatively well-specialized forms of ordinary *Infusoria*, must have taken an enormous period of time."<sup>1</sup> To find, therefore, Mr. Herbert Spencer now insisting on the actual rapidity, and the still greater conceivable rapidity, of evolution in organisms, is a very instructive change of front. The inducement which has led him to take up this new attitude on an all-important point is easily explained. Lord Salisbury in his address had dealt on the immensities of time, which, on the Darwinian theory, must have been needed to develop "a jelly fish into a man;" and he had confronted this demand on time with the calculations of physicists, which limit the number of years since the globe must have been too hot for organic life. I have never myself dwelt on this objection to Darwinism, because I have no confidence in the calculations of decreasing heat which vary from tens of millions to hundreds of millions of years. When we get into such high numbers, and such enormous margins for possible error, I always feel that we are handling weapons which have no certain edge. But Mr. Spencer now adopts the safer alternative when he

escapes from the difficulty by throwing overboard altogether the doctrine that changes in animal structure can only have been very minute and very slow. He, therefore, takes up the same idea that has often occurred to me—that all the phenomena, even of ordinary generations, point to the possibility of great transmutations having been accomplished in a very short space of time. It seems he had foreshadowed this line of argument in 1852, before Darwin's book was published. But he now works it out in more detail, and revels in the calculations which prove what great things are now very summarily done by ordinary generation in developing the most complex organic forms from a simple cell. The nine months which are enough to develop the human ovum into the very complex structure of a new-born infant, are divisible, he calculates, into four hundred and three thousand two hundred minutes. If even one hundred millions of years were allowed since the globe was cool enough to allow of life, then, he argues, no less than two hundred and fifty years would be available for each minute of man's development—for those analogous changes which have raised some Protozoön into man. Mr. Spencer makes no mention of the conspicuous wonders effected in insect and crustacean metamorphoses during periods relatively much shorter. He makes no allusion to the fact that specialists often speak of embryonic stages, common in some genera, being "hurried over" in the case of others, so that the final stages are more quickly reached. An idea so suggestive of a directing and creative energy thus visibly subordinating the machinery of generation to special ends, is an idea which goes beyond Mr. Spencer's new argument deprecating the over-importance hitherto attached by thoughtless evolutionists to countless ages of infinitesimal change. He may well say that if this be true no reason can be seen why animals of any degree of complexity may not be developed after the same manner. Neither, of course, does Mr. Spencer push his argument to the

<sup>1</sup> P. 481.

conclusion which is adverse to his philosophy—the conclusion, namely, that if the first creation of germs has ever been repeated, still more if it has been frequently repeated, then the whole processes of a creative development may have been indefinitely hastened, and the element of time becomes of quite subordinate importance.

ARGYLL.

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From The Fortnightly Review.  
OUR LEARNED PHILHELLENES.

SCENE, The Elysian Fields. *The Shades of Homer, Plato, Aristotle, Thucydides, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, Pindar and other Greek Classics are seen discoursing in groups or engaged in meditation apart. At back stands an indistinct Shadow, motionless, apparently unknown to the rest.*

Plato. I consider it most gratifying. Thucydides. Gratifying? Yes. But surely very mysterious.

Pla. Everything is mysterious, O son of Olorus, at least to the wise. For should you not say that the special excellence of a sculptor, for instance—

Thuc. (*hastily*). Yes undoubtedly; of course I should. (*Aside*) A narrow escape, by Zeus! Luckily I saw his drift in time. (*Aloud*) Ay, everything, as you say, is mysterious; let us take that as agreed. Yet I do not know of anything quite so perplexing as this.

Aristophanes. Not even in the "History of the Peloponnesian War?"

Thuc. (*with confidence*). No! I cannot have puzzled any schoolboy so desperately as these young men have puzzled me.

Æschylus (*joining the group*). These young men? You mean?

Thuc. I mean the young English Radical journalists with their Hellenic enthusiasm.

Pla. The journalist is the Sophist of the modern world. He is therefore the natural advocate of every cause which lends itself the most liberally to rhet-

oric. Hence his championship of Hellas in the Cretan stasis.

Arist. Yet you find it most gratifying.

Plat. Yes; for whether he believes in his cause or not, it must needs be pleasing to us that he should even profess to have espoused it out of his admiration for the wisdom of Greek philosophy, and—although, as you know, I do not myself value it highly—for the beauty of Greek poetry. We must distinguish, must we not, between the purpose of the artificer and his material; so that if a dishonest man, being desirous of making an offering to Hermes, were to—

Arist. The illustration, O Plato, is admirably just. We all perceive whither your argument is tending, do we not?

All (*eagerly*). Yes! Yes! we all perceive it. We all assent to it.

Arist. We all agree that the young journalist's admiration for Greek letters, would be very gratifying if it were founded upon personal acquaintance with them. But is it?

Æsch. (*surprised*). What do you mean by "Greek letters"? Grammata? Surely they know the alphabet?

Arist. Oh yes, they may know that perhaps; though to be sure they seem to be quite ignorant of the modern Greek character. I speak of our writings and of the young journalist's acquaintance with them.

Pindar. And is that considerable? For my part I will never believe it. They certainly know nothing of me.

Pla. Nay, nay, most impetuous of poets, there you do them injustice. We have some of them already among us who can quote—

Pin. (*bitterly*). "Water is the best of all things?" True, they can quote that. Has any one of you ever heard any one of them quote anything else? (*A solemn pause.*) No. I thought not. It certainly is the best of all *my* things, so far as they are concerned; for devil a line more (as the barbarians say) could I ever get out of them.

Euripides. May one venture, however, to observe, most eloquent of the lyricists, that your subjects were to some



extent of purely local interest, and that their treatment was a little out of date, even in my own time. I am informed, too, that these young men, some of whom, I rejoice to see, have taken up the Woman question with much earnestness, are particularly disdainful of the old-fashioned. I should guess that the kind of Greek poetry, and, indeed, of Greek prose, which they are likely to prefer would be rather—

Arist. I will spare you the trouble of guessing. Listen to what they say about it themselves. It is out of a newspaper that Hermes brought down with his last batch of ghosts. "Greece is a traditional interest with our country. We are suckled and nurtured in Greek literature. Our thoughts, our dearest intellectual delights, the most profound moral emotions which are not derived from the Bible, belong to the land of—"

Eurip. (*gratified*). Aha! Profound moral emotions. I think I know what is coming.

Arist. "To the land of Homer, of Æschylus, of Plato. Shut out Greece, and you shut out the entire modern world."

Homer (*with a touch of sarcasm*). The land of Homer. How many of them?

Pin. How many lands?

Hom. (*gruffly*). Yes, or how many Homers. It comes to the same thing, doesn't it? They don't seem to be able to make up their minds whether I am one or half-a-dozen, which is not flattering to me.

Arist. But dear and venerable rhapsodist, if you *will* have seven reputed birth-places, you can hardly wonder that people multiply you.

Hom. Why? I don't see it. *He is a native of quite as many different places, I am told.*

Arist. He? Oh, you mean the other venerable rhapsodist. Yes, but in his case—

Æsch. Are we not digressing?

Pla. Indeed we are.

Hom. Ay indeed, we were speaking of the enthusiasm of the journalists, for the land of Æschylus, of Plato, and of—well of whomsoever they are good

enough to regard as the author or authors of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. And you doubt, O Aristophanes, whether that enthusiasm arises from any acquaintance with our writings.

Aristotle. But first, does the enthusiasm itself exist. Let us at least begin by establishing the *fact*. I have been warned by many newcomers against believing everything that appears in the newspapers.

Thuc. But they say that it is not only the newspaper people who are so enthusiastic for Greece in the Cretan stasis; it is the poets also.

Sophocles. Oh, the poets! That may well be. They are now as they have always been, full of a noble zeal for Hellas and the Hellenes.

Arist. Noble, perhaps; but according to knowledge?

Soph. Yes, yes, I believe so. All the poets know Greek by instinct.

Arist. By instinct? Holy Apollo! An instinctive rendering of a section of *Trucydidides*! What, O must elliptical of historians, do you say to that?

Thuc. That I should rejoice with all my heart to greet the poet who can accomplish the feat. Let us pay a visit, my friends, to these inspired Philhellenes. Hermes is even now about to depart for the upper world to bring down a fresh convoy of souls. Let him conduct us back to earth for a few hours by leave of Dis, and we can examine into this matter for ourselves.

All. Well said, well said! Let us go with the son of Olorus to the Shepherd of the Dead. (*They flit away in search of Hermes. Scene closes.*)

SCENE II. *An Agora in the neighborhood of Fleet Street. Time midnight. A confused multitude assembled. Voices heard exclaiming "Extra speshull," "Blockade of Crete by the ships of the Pars." Three Poets wildly excited rush forth from the crowd, jostling each other as they emerge.*

1st Poet.

I have not blushed for England till to-day;  
But thou'lt repent, my country, ere—



2nd Poet.  
Never till now for England did I blush  
Nor ever—

3rd Poet.  
O England, O my England, ne'er till now  
Did the hot blush of shame—

*They pause, with disgusted looks at one another, and for a moment each seems disposed to claim the exclusive right of blushing for his country on the same spot. Then the 2d and 3d Poets retire, still blushing, to a little distance, and the 1st Poet resumes in impassioned tones:—*

Avaunt, ye sacrilegious crews,  
Who dare at Greece to shake a fist,  
When I, a darling of the Muse,  
Command you, ruffians, to resist.

*(While he is singing this verse the Shades of the Greek Classics enter, unseen, of course, by the crowd, and dispose themselves to listen. The Poet continues.)*

I ask myself in mute despair  
As I survey yon impious fleet,  
Are not the Six Great Powers aware  
Of what occurred in ancient Crete?

Or do they towards the tale of Rhea  
Bear hearts so savagely obtuse?  
Have they forgotten Amalthea  
The wet-nurse of Olympian Zeus?

Another Poet interrupts, aside.

*[Amalthea? So spelt to the letter  
Not "Alma"—my life I will stake.  
And yet they must needs go and "set" her  
With that idiotic mistake.*

And O! may the bolts of her nursing  
Consume that compositor's stick,  
That enabled the critic my verseling  
To brand with his odious (*sic*).

For it looks less like slip accidental  
Than etymological freak.  
Seeing "alma" is Latin for "gentle,"  
And "then" is goddess in Greek.]

First Poet, after eying Second Poet coldly, and as if displeased at the interruption, resumes:—

Must I these reckless States exhort  
To spare the holy isle that bore  
That curious semi-bovine "sport,"  
By Theseus slain, the Minotaur?

Will not their very guns recoil  
If trained upon those shores to fire,  
Where Cybele taught to till the soil  
And Orpheus learned to twang the lyre?

A Third Poet sings.

Yet if all the sweet legends connected  
With Greece cannot prosper her cause,  
Sure hist'ry might well be expected  
To give the Six Governments pause.

For consider what memories cluster  
Round sacred Ilissus's brook  
(All which you can readily muster  
If only you know where to look).

Think, too, of the great Prytaneum,  
The Parthenon also, and Pnyx,  
The Athenian—not London—Lyceum  
(Two places you never should mix).

Of Salamis think and Plataea,  
Leonidas likewise recall,  
And the Crisis—you've not an idea  
How simple you'll render it all.

For if Sparta, that resolute nation,  
Stood fast in Thermopylae's gorge,  
What's that but a clear demonstration  
That Crete should belong to King George?

While the ultimate rout of the Persians  
Is positive proof and complete  
That King George by his gallant exertions  
Is fully entitled to Crete.

*The Three Poets now approach, and after eying each other with some distaste for a few minutes, enter into conversation, and finally address the European Concert in unison as follows:—*

Then stay your sacrilegious rage,  
For not alone the shadowy page  
Of legend bids you spare;  
But famous Greeks of every age,  
The hero, statesman, poet, sage,  
Adjure you to forbear.

And, urging you for very shame  
To yield to this united claim  
Of history and of myth,  
We beg to invoke the twofold fame,  
And cite the doubly-honored name,  
Of the late Sir William Smith.

*(The Classic Shades exchange perplexed glances.)*

Pla. They seem to be well acquainted

with the parentage and bringing up of Zeus. Ay, and pray don't suppose you're at one with

Æsch. And with the history of the Persian invasion. The Greeks of the press, when you've done with

Soph. And with the public buildings of Athens. The school of that thinker poetic.

Arist. And with the scandal in the family of Minos. For us, we were otherwise handled, Our babyhood restless was dandled

And soothed by the Peripatetic.

Thuc. Yes; but the question is whether the poets have derived their knowledge from Greek originals. They don't say so, you will observe.

Pla. Have any of them ever said so, in so many words?

Arist. Why, of course. Have you forgotten the newspaper I read to you? "We are suckled on Greek literature. Our thoughts, our dearest interests, our——"

Pla. Hush! Who are these?

*A body of Journalists, most of them youthful, is seen advancing. They take up their position in the centre of the Agora; then, as by a preconcerted signal, divide into three choric bands.*

*Chorus of Platonic Journalists.*

In the name of the newspaper tribe,  
Our convictions we wish to subscribe,  
That from nowhere so well as  
From classical Hellas  
Can moderns their culture imbibe.

As for us, we were suckled on Plato,  
And yearned, in our cots as we lay, to  
Expound that philosopher's meaning.  
Can any revere him as we do—  
We, fed, and fed full on the Phædo  
And Gorgias, up to our weaning?

For whence comes our feeling for beauty  
Our sense of religion and duty?

To him, next to Scripture, we owe it.  
That sage, whom for years the most  
tender,

We sat "with our feet on the fender"  
And read—in the version of Jowett.

Then beware how the Greeks you coerce,  
Lest our Platonist creed we rehearse,  
As we can, we may say,  
In a general way,  
If we cannot give chapter and verse.

*Chorus of Aristotelian Journalists.*

So now we are masters of logic  
And versed in all arts pædagogic,  
Because, as we lay in the cradle,  
Alternate with sucks at the bottle,  
The essence of pure Aristotle  
Was poured down our throats with a  
ladle.

So beware lest we crush you outright  
With the full dialectical might  
Of that eminent Greek  
Of whom most of us speak  
As "our father, the old Stagirite."

*Chorus of Æschylo-Sophoclean Journalists.*

We, too, have from infancy wrestled  
With Greek, and have learnt, as we  
nestled

In grave Attic Tragedy's lap, to  
Dispose of the crabbedest chorus  
That ever the nurse set before us,  
And swallowed it down with our pap  
too.

You've heard us repeatedly quoting  
(The width of our studies denoting)  
Old Ocean's "innumerable laughter,"  
And though we have no inclination  
To cap that recondite quotation  
With something before it—or after.

Yet the Greeks you had best leave  
alone,  
Since we *could*—if a suppliant tone  
Proved unable to melt you—  
Quite easily pelt you  
With numberless pieces of Bohn!

Pla. (*complacently*). Well, at least  
they have read *me*.

Arist. And *me*.

Æsch. } And us.

Soph. }

Eurip. But apparently not *me*.

*The Shades of the two Philosophers and the two favored Poets flit cheerfully away. Euripides lingers behind dejected. Aristophanes approaches him with an air of humorous compassion.*

Arist. Console yourself, O dearest of the Poets; perhaps we shall find that after all they know no more of any of us than they do of you.

*As they are leaving the Agora a Lady-Journalist on the outskirts of the crowd is heard to sing in lamentable voice:—*

O Salamis fair! shall thy glorious plain  
Recall to our sluggish hearts in vain  
That grandest of earthly scenes,  
When the hoplites of Hellas with spear  
and targe  
Hurled back in disorder the furious charge  
Of the Median horse-marines!

SCENE III. The Elysian Fields. The Shades reassembled. *At back the same motionless and indistinct Eidolon discovered in the First Scene.*

Pla. They are wonderfully familiar with us.

Pin. Yes; improperly so to my thinking, considering the slightness of their acquaintance.

Arist. True, O most neglected of the poets—with the exception of Euripides. They presume too much on your condescension in having told them that water is the best of all things.

Pla. The odes of our friend stand alone. Their neglect is accounted for, as Euripides hath said, by the limitation of their—

Eur. *(hastily)*. Stay. I no longer regard that explanation as sufficient. I do not believe that the moderns—or these moderns at any rate—have any æsthesis for the higher poetry.

Thuc. No, nor for concise and pregnant prose.

Æsch. Yet they seem well versed in the heroic drama.

Pla. Yes; and in the philosophic dialogue.

Arist. And treatise.

Homer. They are clearly not ignorant of the epic.

*Mingled cries of approval and dissent, in the midst of which the Eidolon advances slowly to the front. The disputants pause in their altercation and regard him curiously. He sings in a solemn voice:—*

Sages and bards, contend no more,  
'Tis time that I the truth avow;  
The "coach" in all the classic lore  
You wonder at accosts you now.  
Rest you assured, your works divine  
Are not—were never—read like mine.

And though my fame has passed away,  
And other teachers fill my place,  
My spirit holds vicarious sway  
O'er all the journalistic race.  
In each new manual on the shelf,  
I, with a difference, see myself.

On your immortal works to look—  
Those works that hold the world in thrall—

And think that one octavo book  
Has far, in vogue, surpassed them all,  
Might—but of pride I must beware,  
Plain facts are all I need declare.

Dream, then, no more that you inspire  
Our ardent Philhellenic band,  
Know that these souls of air and fire  
Were only reached—at second-hand.  
My friends, it is not you they read.  
But me, or my descended breed.

*(Movements in various senses.)*

Yes, though I've thus far held aloof  
From you my "subjects," in the past,  
Your error clamors for disproof,  
And I reveal myself at last.  
Classics! you see before you here  
The shade of Dr. Lemprière.

*Loud exclamations of surprise, and other emotions. The Shades gather round him. Scene closes.*

H. D. TRAILL.

From The Cornhill Magazine.

A DAY OF CELEBRATION.

(APRIL 23, ST. GEORGE'S DAY, SHAKESPEARE BORN AND DIED, 1564, 1616.)

AN ANNIVERSARY APPEAL.

A writer may be dull; he may be prolix; he may be a prophet of the obvious and the commonplace; he may be, in consequence, a bore; he may be wrong-headed, prejudiced, obstinate, and narrow—all these things he may be, and he shall be forgiven. We may witness this kindly toleration every day.

But a man must not be sentimental. That is not permitted.

I will try, therefore, not to be sentimental, although I am about to make an appeal in favor of sentiment. I propose, in fact, to invite the recognition of sentiment as a force whose possibilities, when applied to things political, cannot be overstated.

I would point out, first, that with all nations, the popular mind has always been ruled and led entirely by sentiment. The popular imagination converts the facts of history into sentiment. Their articles of belief are not laid down by the multitude in set phrases; they are not formulated, even when they might be maintained by reason; they lie in the mind—say, rather in the heart—unspoken. For the majority it is absolutely impossible to express these articles of belief in words. They are a sentiment resting on tradition; they are the lingering and the surviving effects of events long since forgotten. Sentiment, when opinion passes into action, is an invisible and unknown guide; it draws the people by an invisible thread as strong as a ship's cable; like beauty, it is able to draw them as by a single hair.

As a nation, as a race, we are above all other nations open to, and ruled by, sentiment. We are fond of girding at the sentiment of the Teuton, and of allowing the sentiment of the Celt; we pride ourselves upon the possession of a cold common sense which does not admit of sentiment. Who are "we," however, who are thus uplifted? "We" are the educated—the highly educated class—a class which, though it speaks for all, is more cut off and separated from the rest—the great mass—than can be found in any other country. Among that mass sentiment, of which we pretend to have none, rules supreme. Let us consider this assertion. Sentiment may be defined as a deeply rooted conviction founded on imagination rather than reason. It is of two kinds: there is a form of sentiment which springs from noble tradition; there is another form of sentiment which springs from prejudice.

Take the former kind. There is not a single living Englishman, below the

class of the highly educated and the critical, who is not perfectly certain that he belongs to the chosen land of Personal Freedom; this sentiment has descended to him from the last great period of struggle for liberty—that of the seventeenth century. He has always on that point been firmly assured, even in the days when, for a debt of a few shillings, he might be kept in prison all his life; he gloried in his personal liberties even when the House of Commons, the only institution which could guard those liberties, was filled with place-men, nominees, and creatures who sold their votes; he was an English free man even at a time when harmless expression of opinion would have brought him before Lord Kenyon; he was a free man when he had no vote, when representation was a mockery; he was a free man when, unless he was of the Anglican Church, he could not hold any office of the State or of the city or of the country; when he could not vote for any office; when he could not enter a public school or either of the universities; when he could not hold a commission; when he could not become a physician or a barrister. What did his freedom mean, then, as he understood it? To the average man it meant little indeed, because, in the last century, as in this, the average man was completely ignorant of constitutional history. But he knew that there had been struggles, and that, in the long run, the popular side, the side of freedom, had come out best. In the last century his imagination ludicrously exaggerated the extent of the victory. At the present moment, since the average man can, as he calls it, do as he pleases (or believes that he can); since he can think as he pleases (or believes that he can); since he has no knowledge of the narrow limits within which he must keep—limits of dependence, work, and ignorance—he is happy, like his grandfather, in the sentiment of freedom.

Again, he is firmly, irrevocably convinced that his country is invincible at sea; Britannia rules the waves. Nothing will ever shake him from that belief except some terrible disaster upon the waves.

He is also firm in the belief that it is the duty and the destiny of Great Britain to afford a refuge and to become an asylum for all victims of continental tyranny; for the rebels of one country and the patriots of another. And not only a refuge, but a champion. We have recently seen the passionate appeals—sincerely passionate; all the more passionate because the writers believed that Great Britain was proving false to her duties—in favor of defending the Armenians and the Greeks. Reason might ask why this country should become a knight-errant among the nations. History might ask when this country did enact the part of Don Quixote. Reason and history have nothing to do with sentiment; and sentiment declares that it is England's duty to protect the oppressed everywhere and at any cost.

Again, he has a belief that whenever plague, pestilence, and famine bring distress to a people, it is the duty of Great Britain to call a meeting at the Mansion House, make speeches, write letters to the papers, and collect a fund for the relief of the suffering.

This kind of sentiment, which is commonly described as "cheap," may be in itself of little use. But it may be encouraged and directed. The pride of freedom may be turned into a passionate sense of the duties of freemen; the belief in our invincible position may be turned into recognition of what is owed by every man to the State—if necessary, himself. This kind of sentiment, in a word, may be inspiring and ennobling; on the other hand, it may inspire yet not ennoble, as when it fills a music-hall with jingoes and a West-end club with "insulars."

There is, next, a sentiment founded, not on noble traditions, but on ignorance and prejudice. Until quite recently every Englishman was bound to hatred of the foreigner. He has always hated the foreigner—Fleming, French, Italian, Spanish—from time to time he has had plenty of opportunities of hating them all and of murdering many. Formerly it was dangerous for a foreigner even to be seen in the streets of London. The Spanish ambassador in the reign of

Elizabeth was insulted. A French priest in the time of Queen Mary writes, "I do not like a man in the street to spit in my face because I am a Frenchman." There has always existed, deep in every Englishman's mind, a belief, not to be shaken, in his own superiority. This belief exists as an active force in the mind of the average Englishman—not, of course, the educated Englishman—of this day. He believes also, as a corollary, that this superiority is recognized, and is envied, by every other nation, so that it behoves the humane person to be careful, in conversing with a Frenchman, not to appear conscious of this superiority; to be modest about it; not to hurt his feelings by flaunting it, although, of course, it must be apparent to him. The consciousness of this superiority mitigates the ancient hatred; dilutes it with contempt; even introduces the element of magnanimity.

It is perhaps the profoundly religious temperament of our people which makes them hate followers of all other religions, because difference of opinion in a matter so important is inexcusable. All through the last century, for instance, the language used in the popular literature, and even by writers who should have known better, concerning the Roman Catholics; their bishops, priests, monks, and nuns; their ceremonies and their most sacred beliefs, was that of the most profound contempt. In the same way the bitterness of Dissent towards the Church, and the contempt of Church for Dissent, belong to sentiment and not to reason.

If one wishes for illustrations and proofs of existing popular sentiment, they are not far to seek. In our theatres the success of a play depends largely on its appeals to sentiment; the actors play to the gallery; the best written novels often fail for want of the expected appeal to sentiment; the music-hall singer openly and avowedly relies on popular sentiment; he strikes the jingo chord and the people rise as one mass; he weeps over the domestic virtues, and every eye grows dim; he reminds us of our national greatness and our goodness, which is rewarded by that



greatness, and every heart glows with pride.

Since, then, sentiment plays so great a part in forming popular opinion; since the voice of the people gives us our rulers, and therefore determines lines of policy; and therefore, still further, shapes the future of the country, it seems as if it would be worth while to watch this great force, to recognize its existence, to acknowledge its uses and its dangers to the State, and, if possible, to create, lead, and foster it; to keep it from becoming mischievous; to take care that it shall not mislead the people; to restrain it so that it shall not infuriate the people. It was a misleading or infuriating sentiment which in the last century made the mob shout and smash windows and break heads first for Tory and then for Whig, first for High Church and then for the Holy Protestant cause. The same force now makes the people hold meetings, listen with enthusiasm to enthusiastic speeches, and vote on the side which sentiment has adopted.

What have we done, as a nation, to recognize the vast importance of imagination—which is only another word for sentiment—in the national mind? What have we done to feed the imagination with such right views of our position, our resources, our history, our perils, as may make sentiment a source—a certain and reliable source—of strength and safety, instead of an uncertain force liable to drive the people into wrong paths, into perilous lines, by ways which lead to destruction?

We have hitherto done nothing—absolutely nothing. Our School Boards pay no heed to the readers with which the children are supplied; the Education Department makes no regulations as to the elementary teaching of history, the growth of our institutions, the extent of the empire, the condition of the colonies, the extent of trade and industry, the meaning of freedom, or, in fact, anything practical and likely to influence the children in after-life. Yet it is certain that nothing so long remains in the mind as the teaching of childhood, a great fact fully recognized by

the Roman Catholics when they refuse consent to any form of education that is not based upon their own form of faith. Here and there, it is true, one may find elementary books which aim at systematic teaching of patriotism and of national history; but there is no organized national intelligent attempt. It has never occurred to educational Parliaments, educational writers or teachers, that they might usefully and successfully direct and control the popular imagination and mould the popular sentiment. A child leaves school at thirteen. Probably he will never more, as long as he lives, look at a book of history again. But he will remember something of what he has been taught—the elementary principles which he might be taught; the plain broad landmarks which have been pointed out to him—these things will become a part of him for the while of his life. The reason—the actual facts—will disappear and be forgotten, but the sentiment will remain.

In America, on the other hand, they have managed matters differently. They understood very well at the outset what they wanted—to create, namely, a profound sentiment of patriotism among their people. Let us see how they set to work. Since the opinions—the views of life and conduct and religion—that endure in the mind are those which are taught in the schools, the Americans have been most careful in their schoolbooks to represent themselves in the most favorable light possible; of that no one can complain. They have also thought proper to present us, the people of Great Britain, in the most unfavorable light possible; they have minimized our position; they have denied us our virtues, our victories, our achievements. The sentiment which they have fostered is of an exaggerated type. The misuse of this great educational opportunity brings with it the danger of making the average man mischievously and inordinately conceited about his country, a condition of mind which may impel him in many lamentable steps. There are signs, however, that the better class of Americans

perceive the danger and regret the cause.

I have now before me a tract by Mr. Arthur Inkersley, reprinted from the *San Francisco News Letter* of Christmas, 1896. It is called "American and British Prejudice," and is a vehement plea by an American for greater justice and less prejudice against this country. I quote one passage which bears especially on my subject, as showing how the national sentiment has been formed:—

Consider the attitude of the common, plain, ordinary, average, every-day American with regard to Great Britain. "Raised" in a household where everything creditable to the mother country is rigorously tabooed; fed on school text-books which represent her as a grasping, over-reaching, oppressive power; nourished (God help him!) on newspapers which delight in putting every national deed of Britain and every private act of her citizens in the worst possible aspect; taught to regard the higher classes of that country as empty-headed noodles, unprincipled scoundrels, profligates, and ignoramuses—is it wonderful that his prepossessions are almost invincible?

I have mentioned this point only to illustrate the manner in which sentiment may be created and fostered. Hatred of England, according to Mr. Inkersley, whose evidence is amply corroborated by others, has been a sentiment most carefully fostered in every part of the United States. It is not my business to search into the reasons for this action of the United States, but I would submit a possible explanation in order to show that it was not entirely based upon unreasoning malignity. It was thought, I venture to suggest, that it would be wise to separate as widely as possible their own people from the rest of the English-speaking race. The easiest and readiest method seemed to be the representation of the English people either as slaves or tyrants; either in an odious or a contemptible light. Perhaps it was well to make it impossible, when Americans began to people the vast territories of Western America, for the early settlers to change their flag and hoist the Union Jack. Therefore, wherever the American settler

went he took with him a bogey—the Englishman who would willingly bind him in chains if he was not afraid. It has never been thought necessary for us to raise up a bogey American, otherwise we should perhaps have done so. However that may be, here is the broad fact: the Americans recognized the prudential value of sentiment, and therefore carefully fostered that kind of sentiment which seemed best calculated to keep their own people together, and to prevent them from going over to the English. It is needless to say that no such sentiment is attempted or encouraged in the American schoolbooks as regards Frenchmen, Germans, or Russians. The young American's imagination is thus carefully provided with two figures. One of them is the fairy goddess Liberty. She bears the Stars and Stripes in the left hand and a victorious sword in the right. The other is a fallen despot; in one hand is a broken sword; in the other a flag—the Union Jack—beaten down and disgraced.

Again, for the better maintenance of the American Federation, it is recognized that a symbol should represent it; and that a symbol should everywhere be in evidence. Just as outside every Roman Catholic church and most Anglican churches the Cross proclaims the faith that is upheld within, so outside every public building in America the flag proclaims the country and reminds the people of their loyalty. It is not, as the shallow traveller believes, hoisted for mere show and display; it is there for a deliberate purpose, with intent, and with wisdom. They like to see the flag everywhere; they love the flag because it is their symbol; in foreign countries, Americans have told me, the sight of their flag flying at a masthead most strangely moves their hearts. It is the flag of sentiment.

We, too, have a flag; a flag as fine as the stars and stripes; yet, except at seaside places, you may march from end to end of the country and never see it. Where does it fly in London? I believe that a child born, say, at Mile End, might live out the whole of a long life and never see the Union Jack. As for regarding the Union Jack as the symbol

of his country; as for reading in its flying folds a reminder of loyalty to the crown and of pride in his country, it never occurs to him; he has never been taught so to regard his flag. Neither loyalty itself nor the symbolism of his flag has ever been taught that child.

There is yet another method of creating sentiment which the Americans have practised, also with the greatest success. It is to hold a day of the nation—a holiday—a Day of rejoicing and of feasting and of speech-making. They have instituted two such Days—the Day of Independence and the Day of Thanksgiving. They are days, I believe, which greatly afflict the souls of the small minority, who love not multitudes or noise; but move profoundly the many who love nothing so much as processions, flags, bands of music, scarves and decorations, and fervid orations. These, however, are the mass of the people whose imagination—whose sentiment—the State most desires to move and to influence.

What Days have we? In one respect we are better off than the Americans, because we have six Days to their two. We have two holy Days and four Bank holidays—two of which commemorate events in our sacred books, four which are avowedly days of rest from labor. These Days have nothing to do with the empire or with the nation.

What Day of Celebration have we? None. Yet surely we have a history as great and glorious as the United States. Surely there is as much reason for us to foster a sentiment of national pride as for our cousins across the sea.

No teaching of patriotism and pride in our schools; no outward and visible symbol of the past and present greatness of the country; no incentive to loyalty; no holy Day set apart to commemorate the achievements of the past and the glories of the present. Our rulers absolutely ignore and affect to despise the power of imagination. Since such methods as those adopted by the States—the flaunting of the flag; the Day of Rejoicing—would offend the tastes of the small cultivated class, we are forbidden to teach the mass of the

people in the way that will most readily appeal to their imagination; they are not to learn the virtues and the duties which go to make a nation of patriots. From strength to strength we have marched on; from success to success; from poverty to wealth; from a little island in the west of Europe to a great and mighty empire, the like of which the world has never yet seen. And we suffer our people to grow up in ignorance of this goodly heritage; they know not what they possess; they know not how they arrived at this heritage; they know, that, if they fail to defend it, they will throw away the most splendid possession ever entrusted to any people!

We have seen how vague and general is the popular sentiment concerning our own country; a pride of freedom—a pride in the navy. This sentiment is the same now as it was a hundred years ago. There is nothing that I can discover—literally nothing—in the history of the vast expansion of the last hundred years that has struck the popular imagination; because the people have never learned anything about it; because the story has never been presented to them by speech or by the printed page in such a way as to move their hearts and to stir their blood.

How can an average English lad learn his duty to his country, the extent of his country, the meaning and bearing, to him, of that extent? They do not teach these things at school; he cannot learn them from any national institution. If he is a lad of East London—where there are two millions of people like himself—he sees no soldiers even. There are no barracks allowed in his quarter of the city, for fear, I suppose, that the fighting instinct—the martial spirit—of the lads might be awakened and encouraged; he never sees the gallant spectacle of a regiment marching with band and colors; he never talks with soldiers who can tell him of India and Egypt and the Far East.

Put yourself in the place of that East-end lad, and ask how he will arrive at any knowledge of his country's glories; his rare heritage, and his own duties. There is no way for him, except slowly

and painfully to read up the subject for himself. And who is to tell him what books he should call for?

The American lad gets this knowledge from every quarter: his schoolbook teaches him; the universal presence of the flag teaches him; the Days of Celebration teach him; the "spread eagle" speeches teach him. All these things foster and develop in him the sentiment of loyalty to the flag.

I have tried to show the power of sentiment and the wisdom of fostering some form of sentiment. I must again remind my readers that I am not speaking of the class to whom enthusiasm and noise are abhorrent; they are, after all, a very small class. I speak of the huge mass of the people; those who read no history, and know little about the extent, or strength, or unity of the countries and colonies forming that federation which we call our empire. Considering the immense force of sentiment—how the fostering of sentiment is recognized by every government except our own, how enormous are the interests at stake—it is surely, surely, high time to reconsider our ways.

In our own case, moreover, there are conditions which make this duty far more urgent than for any other people. These conditions fill one with pride; but they are also charged with peril.

There are growing up around us, under our flag, with a rapidity which is startling and unparalleled, four great nations. Up to the present they have remained nominally under the crown; practically, they are independent and sovereign nations. There is, first, the Dominion of Canada; best loved of all our colonies, most tried and proved, most loyal, most faithful to the flag. There are, next, the five States of Australia, some time or other to be federated like those of America, and to form one nation. There is New Zealand, advanced in two generations from a mere handful of whites to a million. There are the States of South Africa, about to form another federation, into which our sons are now pouring by hundreds of thousands. These four nations are destined to become, very rapidly, each one, a country as mighty and as important

as any European State of the present day, and they are growing at a rate of acceleration increasing year by year, so that the population which increases to-day by five per cent. will to-morrow increase by six per cent., and the day after to-morrow by ten per cent. In the next fifty years the population of the Dominion will probably become thirty millions; that of Australia twenty millions; that of South Africa twenty millions. Of India, Ceylon, Tasmania, and the Isles I say nothing.

It is quite certain that the time will come when the present relations between this country and the colonies must be changed. No one, it is acknowledged, would desire the present relations to last a day longer than is felt by the colonies to be desirable. We wish them to continue nominally as colonies only so long as we can help each other; we are determined, if we must part, to part in amity. The danger before us is not, in fact, so much that the mother country shall become to her former colonies a land and a people which their young children, as in the United States, must be taught to hate and to despise; we are not afraid that this will happen; but that the colonies, when they become independent States, may fail to recognize the claims, the arguments, for creating a perpetual friendship and alliance between each other. In a word, the danger is that there will be presently witnessed Five Great Nations instead of one, and that these states, instead of supporting each other by an alliance not to be broken, by a Federation of mutual and perpetual support, may be as ready to quarrel as if they were French and German, and as willing to settle their disputes by wars which must be as bitter and as desperate as civil wars always are.

Therefore we cannot too earnestly set about the task of creating such a Sentiment of Race as may play an effective part in preventing this most deplorable and fatal result; we cannot too earnestly advocate federation between all these Five States—alliance offensive and defensive—such as may mean an alliance for all time. With such an alliance the Anglo-Saxon race will be free from the

fear of enemies without or of treachery within; free to work out the higher destiny to which it will be called.

This Federation will consist, then, of five distinct nations, no one being first or second, above or below, the others; their people will inhabit the finest and richest lands on the earth; they will mostly belong to one religion—the Church of England or the Episcopal Church will, I believe, swallow up all other Protestant sects and will become the greatest Church in the world—Canterbury will take the ecclesiastical lead instead of Rome; they will enjoy the same institutions, they will speak the same language, they will have the same education, they will nourish and raise their souls by the study of the same literature.

The sentiment which we are considering began with a vague pride of country; it has now become, you will have observed, a far larger and more important thing than it seemed at the outset. It is no longer only such a sentiment as would have been useful to George III.; it is such a sentiment as must serve to knit together great nations separated by broad seas. It is no longer like the American, a sentiment that can be symbolized by a flag; it is the sentiment of the Anglo-Saxon race.

For the creation and the fostering of such a sentiment, I ask, first of all, a Day. Let us follow the example of the United States. Let us develop and sustain such a sentiment by the formation of a national holiday which all our colonies with ourselves shall celebrate in such a way as may most easily impress the Day and its teaching upon the great mass of the people. They will demand, I dare say, processions, shows, pageants, bands of music, songs, feasts, and speeches. In the pageants, in the songs, in the speeches we shall celebrate the glories and the victories of the race; we shall remember the great days of old; we shall acknowledge the great days of the present. Once more it must be borne in mind that we are seeking to move the multitude, not the clubmen of Piccadilly; we are getting altogether outside the very little circle traversed by that illustrious thoroughfare; we are

going to Mile End, to Whitechapel, to Hoxton, to Islington, to Birmingham, to Bradford, where the people live who elect our rulers and shape our policy; whom we wish to move.

Let us remember that what is very well for the Americans—a Day of Celebration for a country which is always to remain undivided—is not desirable for ourselves, who must consider the probabilities—nay, the certainties—of our future. We have two distinct duties before us, both absolutely neglected up to the present—the awakening of our people to a sense of what is meant by Great Britain and the empire; and the binding of these our colonies in bonds of kinship and affection. These things can be assisted, I maintain, greatly assisted, as the Americans have proved by their success—by the schoolbook, by the flag, by the Day of Celebration. The schoolbook need not—nay, it must not—misrepresent any country; we are quite rich enough in history to found our national pride on our own record without attacking our neighbors; our flag must fly, like the Stars and Stripes, over every school and every public building. As for our Day, it must be one in which the colonists will be able to join with as much loyalty as ourselves; not an abstract Day such as would have pleased a French Republican in the first bloodless days of doctrine and devotion; a Day which in itself, apart from its main object, will be felt by all to be representative.

What do we want, then, to represent? Our common ancestry; our common possessions; our common laws, liberties and institutions; and our common literature.

Our literature is generally acknowledged to be our most precious possession. For my own part, I think of a little scrap of parchment in the Guildhall of London, which seems to me more precious still, partly because without it our noble literature would have been impossible; the parchment is the Conqueror's Charter to London, which made all our liberties possible. However, let us accept the general opinion. Of all the possessions, then, which these four nations and ourselves have in com-



mon, that of our literature is most valuable.

When far-off cousins agree to celebrate their ancestors, they may choose between the Lawgiver, the Captain, the Prophet, or the Poet. I think that our cousins will agree to put up the Poet as the representative of all the ancestors. Let, therefore, the 23rd day of April be the Day of Celebration of the Anglo-Saxon race, and let England's greatest poet give his name to that imperial holiday.

Why, it may be asked, cannot the United States come in? Are they not Anglo-Saxon as well? They are certainly Anglo-Saxon as much as ourselves. We have absorbed Fleming, Frenchman, Italian, German, Pole and Dutch, and we remain Anglo-Saxon. The States have received from every nationality tens of thousands; they are all absorbed, or in process of absorption; they are become or are becoming Anglo-Saxon. Will, then, America join in such a celebration? I am not prepared to offer an opinion. Perhaps, if it was thoroughly realized that there was no secret intention on the part of Great Britain to exalt herself above other nations of the race, the United States would also join us in rejoicing over the past and present of the race which made them what they are. They will come in; they must come in; and then the final federation will take place; then shall be witnessed the reconciliation of all who speak our common tongue; and the future of the race with such a federation may be—must be—greater and more glorious than poet has sung or dreamer has dreamed, for the widening of knowledge and the advancement of humanity.

I think—or hope—that the final federation of the whole of our race is a consummation that is not only ardently to be desired, but is also certain to occur if we take steps of ordinary prudence. The Treaty of Arbitration, when we get it, will go far to soften the tone of the American papers; it will disarm hostility; it will in time perhaps change the spirit of the schoolbooks. As for their flag, it will remain their own; as for

their position in the Federation, it will be exactly the same as that of Great Britain, Australia or any other State in the Federation; there will be no loss of independence or national pride; the old sentiment will remain; every American, every Englishman, every Australian, every Africander will be free to consider himself, if he pleases, the finest specimen of humanity in the world. Only to the sentiment of patriotism we shall add the sentiment of race. And to the Day of Independence the American will add another Day, when he shall celebrate the glories and the achievements of the people from whom he came, whose liberties and history and literature he inherits. There will be one thing of which he will be more proud than of achieving his independence—and that will be symbolized by the Day of Celebration, the rejoicings on the 23rd of April.

WALTER BESANT.

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From Temple Bar.

IN THE GATEWAY.

"But what is his name?"

"And that I can't tell you either, sir—not his real name, at least. There's plenty of nicknames for him, of course."

"Has he been here long?"

"Since I was changed to here, and that's quite enough for me. Lads are always plaguin' him and singin,' 'Git yer 'air cut,' so I'm obliged to go over and stop it."

I asked these questions of the bearded policeman, to whom the duty is assigned to stand still by the hour together and look eastward down wicked Piccadilly, as though momentarily expecting an important signal. He answered me in a preoccupied way, almost brusquely, without taking his eyes off the long street and its foreshortened crowd of cabs and humanity.

I turned and looked at the object of my curiosity, and pondered. Presently the policeman said,—

"He's what they call not quite hard baked, or we should have moved him long ago. That's it, depend on it!"

Still I was dissatisfied. The man was so different from the other three hundred and fifty-seven street artists whom the Deserving Mendicants' Aid Society has catalogued. He had got all his legs and arms left, and he didn't sell matches, and he hadn't written a short history of himself and his diseases beside his pictures. There was only one picture too—of an archway, with a glimpse of green grass and a fountain showing through it. An hour's drizzle had not improved the clearness of the detail, and after I had made so much out I looked up at the artist himself. He wore what must once have been a suit of dress clothes; the trousers had been trimmed off short at the knee, and tattered stockings took their place below that point. His shoes had been boots once, but the uppers were shorn away. His waistcoat did not belong to the dress suit; it was two sizes larger at least, and was crossed over itself to take up the extra six inches, being thus forced to button in double-breasted fashion; visible here and there were the relics of a pattern worked into it, of a white *fleur-de-lys*. But his hat was more remarkable still. What its original shape had been Heaven knows; when I saw it, it had been cut and pulled and beaten into a grotesque resemblance of a lacquey's three-cornered hat. Yet there was an almost jaunty air about it. He had stuck it to the best possible advantage on his wonderful head of yellow flowing hair—blackened a good deal by exposure to London soot, but still yellow. His limbs were straight and well proportioned, and his features clear and delicate, though a stubbly beard of four days' growth took off a little from their beauty no doubt. He lay gracefully on his side, not huddled up like the other street artists—with his head supported on his hand, and heeded not the passing crowd. His thoughts seemed to be very far away from London and its dirt and its clamor.

While I was looking at him a passer-

by threw him a penny; without deflecting his gaze to see where it went, he raised his hand to his forehead and saluted. It was an old-fashioned military salute, such as one of the great Frederick's guards would have made, touching his forehead with the edge, not the back of his hand. I pondered all the harder over this. It was a little thing, but it impressed me deeply—so deeply that I made up my mind at all costs to know more about him. After thinking still a little longer I moved close up to the spot where he lay, and ventured the remark,—

"Rather hard lying on the pavement, isn't it?"

He turned and fixed his blue eyes on me without answering.

I repeated my question.

Then he replied,—

"It is very hard; but I lie here all the same."

This was obviously true, and I felt disappointed at getting such a reception.

"It can't be very good for you," I blundered out.

"It is not very good for me," he said, in a strange refined Ollendorffian style, "but I lie here and tell the story of my picture to myself, for nobody listens."

Just then came along a middle-sized boy carrying an empty basket. Not wishing to be favored with an audience while I questioned the man, I affected interest in an opposite direction. The boy dropped his basket as he approached, and kicked it deftly over the picture, saying as he did so,—

"Well, old 'Where did yer git that 'at,' I'm comin' back again to eat yer."

I sprang on that boy unfairly. He regarded the poor street artist as lawful prey, and long usage combined with bad example had destroyed any original feelings of compunction—but it was too late; I had hurt him very much, and he was crying bitterly. Happily no one was at hand, and so the matter passed without collecting a crowd. The boy picked up his basket and went his way whimpering; the policeman did not take his eyes off Piccadilly, and my

friend in the three-cornered hat moved not a muscle.

After a decent pause I said,—

"Well, what is the picture?"

"The story is of the picture," he replied.

This answer seemed like an attempt at repartee, flavored with French exercises, and I began to think that the policeman's remark about the poor man's mental state was true; still I persisted.

"Ah, yes," I said, "the story is of the picture. I want to hear about it—the picture—the story of it, you know."

"The story that I tell to myself. It is because nobody else will listen. To-day it is the beginning."

"Go on, please," said I.

"I go to and fro under that gateway many times, and the day is a hot day. The little ledge there on the wall is the height of my shoulder. I run with my hand on it, and make a humming noise to imitate the diligence. The women carry tall baskets past my place of amusement and curtsy to me. I grimace at them in reply. Then I run across to the other side where there is no ledge, and lie down on my back, and look at the roof, and kick up my heels, because I am in idleness."

"But when do you do this?" I inquired.

"Men pass me," he continued, without noticing the interruption, "and some of them scowl, which makes me cease kicking, and think what they mean. But I am not afraid. I forget their words very soon. There are people coming down to the fountain to drink the water, some on crutches. I jump up and run towards them, shouting that the gutter is good enough for them. All this is ignorance. They pretend not to hear. The water from the fountain is warm, and salt to taste. A man in a faded livery stands by and takes money from the people who drink it."

There was another pause.

"It is evening," he went on at last, "and I follow my father about the house on tiptoe; he does not see or hear me. He takes a trowel from a cup-

board and goes out into the gateway. There is a flat stone by the wall, and he moves it away—then he brings out ten heavy bags and puts them in a deep hole. He drops the stone again, and covers it with earth."

He stopped, just as he had begun, like a machine.

I waited for several minutes in silence, trying to fashion a meaning for this strange story.

"When did all this happen?" I asked at length.

He shook his head and smiled faintly.

"You don't remember, I suppose," I said. "It's like a dream, perhaps, isn't it?"

Again he made a gesture of dissent.

"It's real then—do you mean that?"

He nodded.

"Have you got no more to say about it?" I asked.

"No more to-day. The picture will be changed to-morrow. I will say more then." And with this he took a rag from behind him, and swept the picture away.

I held out a shilling, but he looked up at me and said,—

"Wait for the end—you will give me more then."

The best bred of the angels could not have said it with such gentle dignity of manner. I went back to the policeman and asked him where the man lived.

"Somewhere back of the Army and Navy, sir—one of them little streets leading off Vincent Square."

"Any relations?"

"No relations, no friends, no effects, that would be our report of him."

This seemed to shut the door altogether, for I felt that it was hopeless to expect to learn the truth about this man from himself, even if the picture represented reality, and his record was true. I went home in great disgust and thought it over. If the man was thirty now, and ten years old when he ran about under the gateway, that would make it twenty years ago, but somehow I treasured the conviction that such a calculation was utterly false. I found myself saying, "Ages

further back than that; hang it all, look at his clothes!" This was again most unreasonable, the clothes were certainly not more than twenty years old, probably not as much. And the man looked less than thirty really. Thus buffeted between reason and unaccountable belief, I became restless, and the evening went badly. I alternately swore never to go near Piccadilly again, and started up with the intention of immediately drawing all the little streets at the back of the Stores. During the night I dreamed that I demonstrated with chalks on the pavement to the whole A. division, how to fix the man's age by algebra! he however wiped out my figures with his rag, before the sum was done, and all the A. division laughed at us.

The wind of March blew dry and shrill as I walked down Kensington Gore next morning on my way to the yellow-haired street artist. The dust of the town, which is grittier and more penetrating than country dust, blew in great eddies everywhere. People with puckered faces, heads lowered, and their hands on their hat-brims, were passing, heedless of the man lying there on the pavement with his picture and his half-told story, and I felt conscious of a certain superiority of knowledge, as I threaded my way across to him, and noticed a sign of recognition on his wasted countenance. The picture was ready. It seemed very much the same as on the day previous, except that it was drawn on a slightly smaller scale, and that above the archway was a row of casement windows, as if the former led under a suite of living rooms. I noticed too that at the further end of it stood a man with rifle and bayonet, in a red cap. While I was gathering these details, he began again as follows:—

"We are assembled in a bed-chamber, with a low roof and windows on both sides. There are five of us—and my father, he is dying. The priest alone speaks. He bends over him, and whispers words which I cannot hear. Then we kneel down. The old nurse moves

quickly to the window and throws it open. See, the window over the gateway is open. She does it that my father's spirit may have immediate passage to God. There is a sudden clamor outside of soldiers; three of them come up to the door of the chamber, and the priest opens it, holding up his hand. My father's head falls back, the nurse closes his eyes. At once comes a rumbling noise, all the house shakes; I look out and see that the fountain is running no longer."

He stopped and took a deep breath as if the telling of the tale was a terrible strain. Then he leant over the picture, so that it was hidden from me, and took his chalks from his pocket. When he raised himself, I saw that the soldier in the gateway had disappeared, while in the foreground a file of red-capped men were standing guard over several indistinct heaps. The water lately gushing from the fountain was now erased and close to it he had drawn a fire on which people were throwing things. At the base of the tower was a gaping crack in the masonry.

He continued: "The soldiers take the old swords and pictures and the armor, and throw them upon a my picture to myself, for nobody listens are taken away in a coach. I am guarded by a soldier. I ask him why all this is being done, and he looks at me and laughs. The night falls soon afterwards, and the soldiers bring out wine. My guard drinks and falls asleep. I crawl away to the gateway and sit by the wide crack in the tower. I can hear the stones grinding together. Presently the light from the fire the soldiers have made falls on me. I am afraid of being seen, and crawl into the crack. It leads downwards; as I go I feel that it is slowly closing up. I press on into a dark place, dry and warm. There is a stream of warm air coming upwards which makes me sleepy. Soon it overcomes me altogether, and I sink down. After that, there is a great space of silent years."

He was speaking in a kind of reverie now, forgetful of the presence of a listener.

"A very very long time," I said, with a tremble in my voice.

He repeated his words, "a great space of silent years."

I felt awe-struck. This seemed to be a corroboration of my unaccountable impression gained the day before. Yet the interpretation of it was as far off as ever.

"Can't you remember one word, one name to help me?" I cried.

The artist looked up, with the vista of a hundred years gleaming in his eyes.

"You say help," he said slowly—"help from a name. I *can* remember one."

He leant once more over his picture, and wrote something below it. When he moved I read in straggling characters the word "Fleuraye." I stooped down and reverently laid all the money I had got on that word "Fleuraye." Something told me that it was the key of the whole riddle, if I could use it aright. He smiled his old-world smile again, and said,—

"That is all the story."

I left him, and walked slowly home.

"The château itself is a fine specimen of old Gascon domestic architecture. Alas, alas, that it should be uninhabited and falling to ruin!"

The grizzled curé spoke these words, while I riveted my eyes on that venerable pile, the Château Thericourt. I had come upon it almost unexpectedly, and at the same moment had happily lighted upon the only inhabitant who was likely to be able to tell me its history, namely, the parish priest.

"It has a history, no doubt," I said, striving to conceal my excitement.

"Ah, monsieur, the poor old place has doubtless a thrilling tale to tell, if its stones could speak. The story is little better than tradition, so far as it goes."

"There is often something in tradition," I murmured.

"Perhaps—perhaps! Have you a particular interest in it, though?" The old man looked at me with an inquiring smile.

I collected myself with a great effort, and said steadily,—

"I feel a great interest in this place, certainly."

"'Tis a pity, then, you were not here thirty years ago, when first I knew it. There was living then an old woman who declared herself an eye-witness of the deeds of the revolutionaries here."

"It was ransacked then, eh?"

"Something worse than that, monsieur. She used to tell how the baron lay sick to death when the troops were sent to take their prisoner. He died, in fact, just as they entered his house, and finding no money, as they had expected, they burned in anger all they could lay hands on. His lady suffered death at Paris like the rest."

"The property was confiscated, I suppose?"

"Yes, yes; and like others, it was held at the Restoration to have reverted to the State, because no heir could be discovered."

"It must be a mortification to you that so beautiful a spot should be wasted—ownerless. I mean that it could not but benefit the neighborhood if it found a purchaser."

The curé shrugged his shoulders, and sighed.

"The glory has departed," he said, "from here and all around. The district has never recovered its ancient prosperity."

"How so?"

"Ah, my friend, Serenne was once renowned for its water-cure. There is a legend, by the way, attaching to this place regarding that water-cure."

"Please let me hear it."

"It is merely this. The springs were the exclusive property of the Fleurayes, and from some cause they dried up. The legend, of course, runs that they ceased when they were wrested from their rightful owner. We live here, however, in a region mildly volcanic, which would account for their failure. Our wells show this by their strange behavior not unfrequently."

"Was there no heir, at the time of the confiscation?"

"A child, I believe, who was made away with. Ah, no," the curé sighed deeply, "there is no one left! I often



think of it, monsieur, with regret. Our Frankish nobility seems to have utterly perished under the ravage of that dreadful time; there is not a trace of it left, but châteaux here and there, like this one, mere empty shells. They were a wonderful race, to judge from record, in spite of their haughtiness; France has ever felt their want; and ever will."

His words sank into my soul like flakes of molten iron. My search was rewarded at last, and the reward—I need have expected none other—to look helplessly at the ruins of the Château Thericourt, and think of its rightful possessor as a wretched street artist, an outcast in a strange city, telling mechanically to himself the story of the downfall of his race. The miracle of his existence faded into insignificance before the stronger reality of that grey roofless building standing out against the fading light. There was the gateway—the very gateway in which he had played—half-choked with briars. I pushed my way through them to the courtyard—the curé following at my elbow—and walked on to where the nettles were growing rankest.

"The fountain stood somewhere here," I said dreamily. "He was looking out of one of those windows when it stopped."

The curé looked hard at me.

"You must excuse these wanderings on my part," I cried. "These old legends interest me so much, you know. I am more obliged to you than I can say for this information about it, and I hope you will let me contribute something for the benefit of your poor."

He bowed and accepted my alms with much grace.

If the seeking out of the Château Thericourt had been a toilsome affair, I felt that the task of announcing my success to the street artist would require infinite tact. His unearthly smile and strange method of narration had filled me with a distrust of myself. I was haunted perpetually, on my way back to England, with a waking vision of myself modestly mentioning my visit

to the château, and looking in vain for a symptom of interest on his countenance; he would merely shake his head incredulously, and turn away. I would shout at him—dance before him, all in vain. I merely became conscious that a crowd had collected behind us, and was making unsympathetic remarks. Then I attempted to flee—and woke up.

It was not unnatural, therefore, when I did come face to face with him, that I should have been for the moment unmanned. He looked so uncommonly like the phantom of my dream, sublimely indifferent to everything and every one near him. I had chosen the time of day when the thoroughfare was least frequented, at least so far as errand-boys were concerned, and I was the only man within hail, except the eternal policeman, as I advanced across the street to his place. I knelt down close to him and said the three words, "Gascogne, Serenne, Thericourt."

He started as if he had been suddenly waked from a deep sleep, and rose slowly to his feet. We stood facing one another without speaking, and I watched, for the first, and doubtless the last time in my life, the eyes of a man gradually lighting up with the fire of a rekindling memory. In uttering those words I had applied the match, and the pile was already ablaze. The expression of careworn indifference faded away, the hard drawn lines round his mouth relaxed, his frowning forehead was smoothed down.

A distant clock struck half past something, and its chimes brought me back to a sense of where I stood, and the risk I ran of looking ridiculous. It immediately occurred to me that this was the golden opportunity to do as I pleased with the man, that was to say before the whirl of returning memories had subsided. I took him by the arm and began to lead him towards the cab-rank; he came a few steps, but turned and went back to his picture, which he carefully rubbed out. Then he rejoined me of his own accord.

The cabman seemed surprised when I engaged him to drive the baron and myself; not unnaturally either, as he

did not know the facts of the case. Seeing this, I said with much presence of mind:—

"The poor fellow is unwell; yes—well—drive me home, 27 Welgrave Street; it's nearer than the hospital."

My friend the baron sat silent beside me in the hansom, and I dared not look at him, until I had got him safely indoors. He sank, at my bidding, into an armchair, and fell fast asleep. It was the exhaustion following restored animation—mental, however, in this case, not physical. The week following was tantalizing experience for me. I did not like to press him for an account of his mysterious existence, for fear of entirely unbinging his already overstrained intellect. He would sit motionless for hours in the armchair, which he had occupied after his arrival, and think, or appear to think. Sometimes he walked up and down the room, murmuring to himself incoherently. My patience was at last rewarded when one evening he began to question me about my visit to Thericourt. He spoke in the same snatchy English as usual, and I was often obliged to assist him by suggesting words, or reducing my own replies to simpler language. By degrees, however, I managed to explain to him the circumstances of my interview with the curé, and the appearance of the château. He accepted all I said, and yet I could see that it was a hard struggle with him to believe that I had really been there. While I contemplated his perplexed look, I remembered that I had brought a relic of the place with me—a little fragment of marble carved with a *fleur-de-lys*, which I had picked up in the courtyard. I fetched it from a desk and handed it to him. He caught it out of my hand and looked it over closely.

"Above the fire," he said, "there were those in a row." He pointed to the chimney-piece.

The ice was now entirely broken. He spoke of his childhood, of his dim remembrance of his stern father, and of his priestly tutor, whom he adored; of the stag-hunt in the forest, and of the visit of the king and queen, who

smiled on and caressed him; of his pale mother and timid sister, who played apart from him with her dolls; of his faithful friend the steward, who wore the livery with the *fleur-de-lys* on it, a privilege granted by the king; of the crowd of begging country-folk and the murmuring peasantry; of the sudden inroad of the rough hideous republican guards, and the general destruction. There was silence after the series of disjointed sentences which the foregoing recountal implies, as if he had told all he knew.

"Nay," I said, "that is not the end though. You took refuge in the crack which the earthquake made in the wall, and fell asleep."

"Yes," he replied thoughtfully—"yes; that is so. Yet I do not know more than that. I can only say that I came to stand on the bank of a pool near the château; it was early morning, and I knew that I saw the light again after years, so many that I could not think of them. I was cold because I was naked, except for a few rags, and a string round my neck. A little image was fastened to the string; it was of gold. They found me wandering there, and I was taken to a dreadful place, with bare walls, and I had no liberty there. I ran away at last, and an Italian man brought me to this place. He had an organ, and I gathered money for him. When he died, I sat by him and starved, and thought of Thericourt. I had forgotten the name, as you know, so I made a picture of it. There was a man who also lived in that room who made pictures like mine, but in colors. He took me to a place where I could buy them."

"That was some years ago, I suppose?"

"Ten years, perhaps. Well, well, I cannot say. I have moved from street to street, and forget the time."

"I was chiefly struck by your costume," I said.

He laughed softly. "I know it myself now," said he, "but I did not then. I used to see, in some sort of a dream, people that I loved, and I would try in vain to make my clothes like theirs."

"Well, I understand that. But how did you make your story out. There are words in it your knowledge of which now surprises me."

"I ask again and again of any one who would listen to me in the evening, or hearing a word I would know it was the one I wished for."

I suppose that is all I shall ever know about it; the baron has never been able to remember more, and one cannot expect additional revelations now. I was a fool (I know it now) not to put further questions at once, but instead to go aside after my crude notions of modernizing him in dress and appearance. There was little difficulty in effecting this, except when it came to cutting his hair. He sat with his head between his hands and sighed unutterable sighs at the idea of losing it. "They would not know me at Thericourt," he moaned. Argument, however, prevailed at last.

A fortnight later we set out for Serenne. The baron behaved like a child—an obedient child, perhaps, but nothing more. He stared and listened. I felt a strong desire to set him down quickly on the spot to which his earliest remembrances belonged, without garbling his mind with strange and irrelevant impressions. It seemed to me that he ought to be brought back to the right end and begin where he left off. Thus I experienced relief at his not asking questions, or becoming excited. As we neared the little wayside railway station from which Serenne is reached, I debated how to ensure our entering the village without spoiling my plans.

The château stands on rising ground, and is visible from the highroad; so wishing to avoid the possibility of the baron catching sight of his ancestral home from the top of a crazy diligence, surrounded by the malodorous descendants of his father's peasantry, I engaged a private carriage, and waited until darkness was setting in, before leaving the railway. As we sat together in the little hostel after our supper, I watched his face narrowly. His mind was working at something, groping, so to speak, round this dark spot in his

new-old world, and trying to make it out. He started, when the servant spoke to me, as if it concerned him to hear the language again and not understand it. Then he gazed at the walls, which were papered—they disconcerted him; at the floor, which was carpeted—he shrugged his shoulders at it. But the ceiling seemed to pacify him. It was crossed by beams of chestnut of various sizes and at irregular intervals, and hung with dried herbs. He lay back in his chair and muttered to it gently and confidently. The maid bustled in and out of the room singing, as she cleared away our meal. The baron took no notice until the song was changed for one beginning—

Zadan, Zadan, amiable Zadan.

He turned round and gasped out: "The words are wrong."

She stopped her work and looked at me inquiringly.

"He says you are singing the wrong words," I said.

"Ah," she laughed, "and he is right. It should go:—

Serenne, Serenne, ma belle Serenne!

Then the baron returned his gaze to the ceiling, and was satisfied.

"What did she say?" he said to me a moment later, without stirring.

I repeated the line.

"It means—what?" he muttered.

"My beautiful Serenne!"

"That old nurse, the one that opens the window for my father's spirit, she sings it, while I fall asleep, but a little differently. And I see another thing—she sits at a wheel and winds while she sings."

This was the new shred of memory which the song had kindled in the baron's brain. It set me cogitating deeply as to how much more might not be elicited by judicious introduction to old things like it. Another song or two of the same date, the noise of the diligence on the stony pavement, the call of the goat-herd in the early morning, there were a thousand sounds which would be identically the same as when he lived and played here a hundred

years ago. The sights would come of themselves, too, on the morrow. I saw him to bed in high hope.

I was up betimes next morning, fearing that the baron might feel restless, and rise early. But he slept late, and seemed weary still when he appeared. After breakfast we went, as my appointed plan was, to the curé, to whom I reintroduced myself and explained my desire to show my friend the beauties of Thericourt. We sallied forth together; the curé talked fast on alien topics, politics mostly—all people who live in out-of-the-way places have strong political notions—while I vouchsafed monosyllabic replies, and kept a watchful eye on the baron. He walked close beside me, his eyes on the ground and his fingers twitching. Once or twice he looked up, but it was only for a moment; the nervousness appeared to get more and more accentuated, as we went on; I thought of going back once more and putting off the visit to the château for a few days, but the sin of curiosity overcame me. We went on in this way to the dividing of the road, half-way up the hill. It is a peculiarly beautiful spot. The tiny valley in which Serenne lies was spread out before us, a picture of a southern French village in its antique perfection; unmarred by a single modern building. Behind us the slope steepened up to a scar on which the dark green of pines stood out sharply against the sky. The curé took my arm and pointed out some objects of interest visible beyond the village, where the valley leaves the plain. This occupied a fraction of a minute, but when we turned again, the baron was well ahead of us, walking quickly along the narrow lane which leads from the highroad to Thericourt.

"Come," I said hurriedly to the curé, "the baron will be out of sight."

He stepped out by my side, without making reply, that good curé of Serenne, but his mind was deep in my last remark.

"The baron," he said at last contemplatively—"the baron. Is your friend then a baron?"

I did not answer his question, be-

cause we were just approaching the château, and the baron's pace had quickened almost to a run.

"Great Heaven!" I cried, "I can't miss this; it's the climax of the whole thing."

So saying I ran ahead. The baron had already passed through the gateway when I overtook him. He was crouching down in a corner of the overgrown courtyard, and his face was buried in his hands. The curé joined us a minute later, much out of breath.

"What is the matter?" said he, "is your friend the baron ill?"

"Oh, my good man," I cried in heedless excitement, "can't you see the place ought to belong to him, and he is rather overcome. Good Heavens! what have I said? No, I don't know why he is upset. Yes, I do. Well—. Yes, he isn't well."

"Alas!" the curé said, "I cannot understand. You speak English and French mixed together. Do not scruple to confide in me, if I can be of help. As a priest, I am accustomed to confidences."

The baron raised himself from his crouching attitude, and leant against the wall; then he began gradually to look about him.

"He has had some kind of fit from walking too fast, I suppose," said the curé gently.

"No doubt," I replied, intently watching the baron.

The curé stepped forward and laid his hand on the baron's shoulder.

"Cheer up, my friend," he said; "it is merely a passing faintness. You will recover altogether in another minute. Turn your thoughts away from yourself; you are pleased with Thericourt, I hope. Ha, ha, I wonder what the great baron of Fleuraye-Thericourt would say, if he found—"

He did not finish his sentence; the "great baron's" son, who had stood during the whole exhortation motionless and with downcast eyes, now turned and faced him, and said in a low voice,—

"That is myself!"

The curé stepped back and wrung his hands.

"Oh, what is it—what is it?" he cried. "Your friend you call baron, and he is so terribly affected by the sight of this place. Yes, and he has the golden hair and features of the Fleurayes. I could believe he was the very man whose portrait used to hang in the inn."

"It has passed before me, all my life, in a moment; and it is gone forever—forever."

It was the baron who said this; but the tones were so low and sepulchral that I doubted for the moment whence they came. In spite of the almost insuperable agony of disappointment which was growing over me, I pulled myself together, and led the curé aside.

"It is a long story," I said, "and I have spoilt it by my hideous impatience. At least I think I have. Let us go back. I asked you to act as our guide because I wanted an impartial witness; I apologize for having brought you here for nothing."

Then, in single file and headed by the baron we walked silently back to Serenne.

Eight months later, I sat alone with the curé in the best room of his little dwelling. His face wore a thoughtful smile, and he beat his foot on the floor softly.

"So it is settled," said he.

"Settled at last," I replied; "the deeds were signed yesterday afternoon."

"But what will you and the baron do with the place?"

"It is his alone—not mine. I am merely the money-lender. And as for that I don't know what he will do with it, but he seems confident in the future."

"Ha, ha! the sanguine baron; where is he now?"

"Walking up to his château. I have promised to follow, and you shall come with me."

We walked briskly up to the château through the keen air of the hills, the curé talking volubly according to his wont.

"Both ethnologically and physically," he said, using the words or rather his equivalent French idiom, with con-

scious pride; "this part of the world is an interesting one. We are, as I have often said, a volcanic race living in a volcanic region. Just now it is the earth's turn. Lately we have felt it shake, the first time for many years. Yesterday there was quite a sharp shock but no damage, thank God!"

We walked through the gateway, and found the baron looking hard at the heap of earth and crumbling stone in the centre of the courtyard. The reason of his intentness became immediately apparent; a fountain of water was gushing up among the stones and running away in a rivulet toward the western wall.

"The water of Serenne," said the baron, "taste it. It is the half of my patrimony. And the other half is here."

We followed him to the gateway, and there he singled out a place under the wall covered with grass. It was the hiding place of his father's money-bags.

The water cure of Serenne is becoming better known and appreciated with every season. The baron rules all, and consults the tastes and fancies of his richer clients with excellent judgment. But the poor are his chief care. In my own heart I dwell chiefly on the fact that it has occurred to no one to question his right to the title of Baron of Fleuraye-Thericourt.

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From The Contemporary Review.

#### AFTER THE FAMINE IN MY GARDEN.

When there was snow on the ground and famine in the garden the birds flocked to my food, but the thaw came, and not one of them all has ever been back to say "Thank you." It may be that the blackbird and thrush now singing from the fir-tops are grateful, and that the short, bright chants of the robin are canticles in acknowledgment of a timely kindness. But I wish they would sometimes come back to the tables that I spread for them when they



were in need, just to show, now that they are not hungry, that they still look upon me as a friend. But they will not have it so. If I go out, the blackbirds break cover with hysterical cries—how meek they were when the ground was iron!—and long before you can get near them, the tits (they used to eat within reach of my arm in the bitter days) affect a ridiculous alarm at my presence.

The air is soft, the sun is shining, and the winged folk have all gone back to their routines of life, and, happily, without any remembrance of miseries past. Out in the paddock the rooks are very pompous and self-satisfied. For a fortnight they had not enough spirit among a whole flock of them for a single caw, but now they are joyously clamorous, convening at their Diet of Worms with effusive congratulations, and flying homewards at evening with much discourse. The starlings are with them—and how they eat! The rations of porridge and boiled dog-biscuit that during the frost were served out to them, unsavory, doubtless, but life-preserving, are forgotten now, while they revel in grubs; and the missel thrushes, so alert to-day to take fright at your approach, would not believe it if you told them that a fortnight ago they drove the sparrows away from the crumbs under your very windows.

What a pity it is that the birds have no memory in warmer weather of their desperate confidence in man in winter. What a charm it would give to life in the country if they could only recollect that you did not harm them when they came round you in the days of trouble, and understand, when the roses are in bloom, that you are still as harmless and friendly as ever. But the wild things, unfortunately, never recognize a particular human being as a whole. They will come to know a person who is always dressed in the same way or doing the same thing, or they will learn a call, or become accustomed to a regular routine. But their sight does not permit them to discern the same individual in two disguises, nor can they, like the dog, afford to wait till you are close to them, to acknowledge your

identity; and no one, except a Thoreau in his wilds or a Francis d'Assisi, can spend his years in uniformity of garb for the reward of the confidence of the little folk in fur and feathers. By going round the grounds in a particular way, and with certain regular formalities, I once established in a country place a sort of general understanding with the creatures about me, notably the herons, the wood-pigeons, the game birds, rabbits and squirrels, but if any day I wore white gaiters over my shoes, they refused to believe in me. The moving feet of a man are what birds and small beasts on the ground first catch sight of. Those in the air or on trees first detect his face (it is wonderful how conspicuous "flesh-color" is among foliage) or the touches of white about his clothes. So the would-be observer of wild life should dress like a gamekeeper, wear muddy boots, and paint his face "khaki." Above all, he should avoid white. See how conspicuous a little patch of it makes those singularly wary birds the bullfinch and the jay, and note how instantly your own eye catches a single white feather in the wing or tail of a particular bird in a whole flight of sparrows.

To-day, in the first exultation, as it were, of escape from the constraints of winter, all the birds seem to be fairly revelling in their freedom to range, and the sudden alternation from universal snow and piercing wind to a balmy atmosphere and mellow breeze. Happy creatures to take the days as they come, rejoicing in sunshine and plenty, and forgetting at once the frost and famine! Everything seems to be in motion, excited and eager. The linnets sweep in twittering wisps from plough to grass and back again from grass to plough. The larks, as you watch, keep rising and settling as if too full of spirits to stay still. The restless starlings, the hindermost perpetually flying over the rest to get in front, are travelling hurriedly across the meadow. Woodpeckers cannot be content with any one tree, but flit looping in their buoyant flight from trunk to trunk. The dead leaves in the ditches and under the trees are all twitching and fluttering as if they were

alive, but it is the tits that are at work, moving about like mice among the brown foliage and tossing the leaves one by one aside, resuming with all the freshness of a new attack their interrupted campaign against the insects. And look at that wren that is with them. The tiny thing is all agog with revived energy, skipping about from spot to spot excitedly, and suddenly hopping up into the hedge to let off some of its spirits in irrepressible song. The robin, glad of the gardener's return to the flower beds, flies from the spade-handle to the wheelbarrow, keeping its bright black eyes all the time on the mould and darting down from time to time to seize the torpid creatures turned up to the surface. And it, too, cannot contain itself for glee at the going of the frost, and flying into the tree overhead unloads its heart with a merry roundelay. Lord! how fast the little songsmith sings. He must out with it or he will die.

Far off, keeping company with solemn rooks and sedate starlings—and it must be said for these birds, they never lost their high opinion of themselves and of the virtues of deportment at the shrewdest pinch of hunger and cold—are the wood-pigeons much too distrustful, now that the snow has gone, to come near the house. How different a fortnight ago, when the snowdrops, "fair maids of February," were quilted over, and the polyanthus dared not show its pretty petals.

With dejected aspect and melancholy gait, their feathers all ruffled and awry, see then the unwilling ringdoves come to the place of alms. How changed from the broad-shouldered, plump-breasted birds that carried their portly selves about under the beeches, what time the mast lay thick, with such gravity and self-approbation, looking like dignitaries of the Church sauntering in some cathedral close. How exquisitely rounded their contours, how beautifully sleek their surfaces, and how glossy! But during the frost they came, poor birds, to beg, their summer airs and graces all laid aside, regardless of appearances. How humbly and

thankfully they seemed to eat! There was no sun shining then to make rain-bows on their breasts and necklace their throats with opals.

On the privet bushes the berries are still glistening, quarts upon quarts of them. Why have the birds not eaten them? They all like them. Why, too, have they not eaten the berries on the yellow hollies? Not a red one is to be found; but the yellow-berried hollies are untouched. Why, again, do birds that eat berries refuse, when starving, to eat buds? Surely the buds of cherry blossom and plum, peach, apricot, and nectarine are as pleasant and sustaining as the harsh fruit of ivy and holly and privet. How is it that in hard times the blackbird and thrush do not turn to them instead of the crumbs upon the garden path? The pheasants walk about, picking up scraps of green here and there; but why do they not debauch in the orchard, where there is nearly an acre of currant and gooseberry bushes all prematurely in full bud? The ways of birds are past understanding. They devour the red holly berries before winter comes and when worms must be plentiful, and yet, when starving, leave both hips and haws to rot in the frost.

The owl is abroad early. Poor bird, it has been a sorry Lent with him I fancy. Mice are not in plenty when the snow is deep on the ground, and when they do come abroad they seek their food where they can find it without wet feet. But now that the snow has gone they are afield with the sunset, and the owl sweeping round the stacks takes toll of their number. The wasp, too, is abroad again; not brisk as when the wall-fruit are ripening, but dull and slow flying. Kill it if you like. Every wasp killed in the opening year is as good as a nest destroyed in autumn. The bees have waked up and are very grateful for saucers of syrup. There are no flowers but the Christmas roses for them to search, crocuses, winter-aconites, and squills, snowdrops and hepaticas, and the honey-pots among them are few. It is very pathetic to see how assiduously all day long they besiege the same patches of bloom, the poor hungry bees.

At the end of our orchard is a deep broad ditch. On the farther side grows a rare old untrimmed hedge of hawthorn and crab-apple, cherry and hazel with dog-rose clusters interweaving to give everything a closer neighborly feeling and make them all, so to speak, "connections" of one another. In this tall and tranquil hedgerow the bullfinches build every year, and, every year too, the turtle doves, that come all the way from Cairo to swing on our clematis, and to rear their golden couplets among the briar-entangled nut-trees. The squirrel and the dormouse planted this hedge, and though I call it old it is really the new one, for once upon a time there was an ancient growth here of holly and laurel. The roots of them are there still, but they died down, and the hips and haws, the nuts and cherry stones and apple pips that the little planters had dropped or buried, sprouted and flourished, scrambling up from among the old mossy-stumps and roots, and racing each other into the sunshine. And to-day they are all of a height, full grown, and the creepers run level along their tops and hang down all their lengths alike so that there is no more contention in the hedge, but everything grows at its ease, each with its fair share of air and light. And they all of them have the same secrets of bird's nest and mouse hole and humble bees' honey-cellars, of hare's form and rabbit burrow.

And on the other side of the ditch is a shrubbery of laurels out of which there grow in a line five walnut trees, and the boughs of the walnuts arch over the ditch and meet the boughs of the cherry and hazel coming from the other side. And under them the deep ditch runs, and it is always dry and beautifully shady; no human being except myself even knows of it. But there is not a thing in fur in all the neighborhood that is not familiar with it, using it to cross unseen from the woodlands and pasture on one side of my orchard to the woodlands and the pasture on the other; for at each end a commodiously ample drain-pipe leads from the ditch into the fields, taking my visitors by a covered

way out of my grounds into the outside world. And the birds, too, come there, for at the end of the ditch even in the driest weather there is a part in which some water is to be found, and so hither travel partridge and pheasant and wood-pigeon and all the host of lesser folk to quench their thirst or to bathe. More than once I have disturbed the nightjar where it sat asleep in the shade, and have seen the woodpecker busy on the bank at an ant-hill which the tell-tale trail of the tiny colonists across the path on the other side of the hedge had betrayed to their long-tongued destroyer. I often take my camp-stool and ensconce myself at the bend of the ditch, between some overhanging sprays of willow and an elder bush, and travellers both from right and left pass by me without suspicion of my presence.

Such a happy lot of little folk they are too. And they look so strangely pretty in the shady ditch—the wood-pigeons especially. They come up from the water waddling in a portly manner and telescoping their beautiful necks at every step. What broad shoulders they have and what plump breasts, and the coloring of their feathers, how infinitely delicate it is! One always walks a little behind the other, and it is very funny to see the precision with which they keep step, planting their pink feet down flat exactly together. And so they go by, with a prodigious affectation of caution, but all the same quite innocent of being overlooked. They are only birds of the year, these young people, and as the old ones have another nursery to attend to, they are shifting for themselves. And very well they do it, for before they parted company the old ones told them all about the vetches and the clover tips and the fields with all kinds of weeds with juicy buds, and told them too about young turnip-tops and the pods of the field-peas. So they are fat and self-satisfied this couple of pigeons, and come promenading along my ditch as pompous and conscious as if they had just built a chapel and endowed it.

But I could tell them something that

would disconcert them if I chose. For one day sitting where I am now, there suddenly, spectrally, appeared in front of me a fox. I had expected a cat, for I heard a long way off a greenfinch give the alarm, shee-eep! shee-eep! and a whitethroat, knowing nothing of the cause, began chittering and chattering, and then the blackbird saw the fox and cried prink! prink! and by and by as Reynard reached the ditch the old wren in the bank scolded him at the top of her voice, and the other birds all came up and scolded too, and though I could see nothing, I knew that something was afoot that threatened danger to the birds, and was coming nearer and nearer to me. And then right from over my head, within an arm's length of me, a blackcap began, like a little fury, to tell the intruder what she thought of him, and the chorus of protest began to pass by me, in the arching hedge-tops, the laurels behind me and the clematis opposite. "A cat," I said to myself. "One of the cats from the farm."

And lo! all of a sudden, right in front of me, its eyes fixed full on mine—the fox. And where it stood it sank down, as if it were going through the ground, but it kept its eyes on mine, sherry-colored eyes, full of a terrible fear, and the ears fringed inside with white were towards me, open to their widest, and the fur on the head stood up close and straight making the face look quite round, with the whiskered nose pointing out at me from the middle of it. So low was it crouching that its hips stood up sharply on either side, and so close was it drawn up that the fur of the neck made a roll on its back. And while I watched it, the eyes never blinked, the ears never stirred, the nose never twitched. But I became aware that it was moving, the pretty feet underneath the motionless body were at work gripping the ground hard and the body glided past me as if on wheels. And then, as if it had breathed a sudden relief from fear, the head turned, and with the brush laid straight along the ground, the fox, attended by its noisy detractors crept up the ditch to the drain-pipe and disappeared into it, taking with it, so it seemed, all the clamor of the birds, for

as soon as the fox's tail was gone there was peace in the ditch.

Only the whitethroat, fidgeting about among the roots of the nettles, and still knowing nothing of the cause of the turmoil, chittered and chattered as if she had suffered or were about to suffer some grievous personal wrong. But had the fox met those plump young wood-pigeons by the way, there would have been short shrift for the one and cold roosting that night for the other.

By the way, how much too little importance we attach, when speaking of the lives of beasts of prey, to the enormous difficulties that the watchfulness of birds and their intelligence of each other's speech throw in the way of the flesh-eaters. And yet, it may have been these very circumstances that decided so many carnivores to hunt by night. All day long they found themselves pestered by birds and their intended victims effectually warned of coming danger, but as night began to fall, they discovered that the bird-voices became fewer and fewer, and catching their prey unawares more and more feasible. So they gave up hunting by daylight altogether.

For quadrupeds understand the cries of birds. The rabbit, be it never so young, bobs under cover the instant the blackbird sounds its tocsin; the squirrel skips up the tree; the leveret raises its head and cocks its ears preparatory to flight. Everything in the spinney is at once on the alert and tiptoe; and I have seen a cat, when thus betrayed by the birds, express its rage as clearly as possible; seen it bounce out from the line of currant-bushes it had been creeping under and stand out at full height on the path, wagging its tail in anger, and staring after the vanishing bunny, exactly as the tiger does, or the cheetah, when it is balked of its chance. In a jungle no dangerous beast can stir for long without some feathered sentry challenging its passage, and the best thing it can do then is to get into hiding and go to sleep there till the birds are in bed.

In my ditch there are sentries in abundance at either end, and a cat need not hope to surprise a meal there by stealth. For everything all round it is shouting

out at the top of its voice, cat! cat! the moment the creature appears, and so puss, hugely disgusted, has to make off. And it is very funny to see a cat, when found out by the birds, put on an affectation of innocence, walk in the centre of the way as if the idea of concealing itself had never entered its head, stop to wash its face or take a roll on the ground, and in every way try to convey the impression that it is quite indifferent to the disturbance going on round it, and in no way connected with or responsible for the hullabaloo. But its little heart is, all the same, bursting with fury and eagerness for revenge, for the movement of a frog in the grass, or even the sudden rustle of a falling leaf electrifies all the unconcern out of the small beast, and it turns savagely and swiftly in the direction of the sound. But by and by its opportunity comes, for the birds are all asleep, and the rabbits are abroad, by their families, nibbling their perilous way along the edges of the copse and the hedgerow. Poor birds! poor bunnies!

But all this is of other times, when the roses on "triumphant briars," as Bottom says, were abloom and the swifts were shrilling high up in the blue. There are no flowers on the briars now; here and there a miserable rose-hip, pecked to pieces by the hungry hawfinch during the past fortnight of famine, and in the dull grey sky there is only the rook fitfully ejaculating its commonplaces of courtship and house-keeping.

And here, as I pass, a word about the rose-hip. Do you know that in the spacious days of great Elizabeth the sweet-briar was called the "heep," and that ladies made of its berries a delightful confection, for which, says Gerard, "the tooth is set in rich men's mouths." The sweet-briar, as it happens, has a very large berry, of which the skin is curiously thick and singularly pleasant; a conserve of sweet-briar must therefore have been very nice to the taste and, as our old herbalist says, rather costly, for sweet-briars do not grow in such profusion as to make their fruit common.

The whitethroats are in Egypt—they

have vested rights of "occupation"—and no doubt are scolding the sacred mon-goose of the Pharaohs with the same indifference to propriety as they scolded my Hampshire fox. Gone, too, is the nightingale that lived here, gone to Greece perhaps, or the rose gardens beyond Damascus, the shy, slim, brown bird that sang at high noon, either of sun or of moon, regardless of the opinions or the manners of other birds.

My ditch a fortnight ago was frozen over with ice which a cart could have stood upon, and knowing how all our small neighbors frequented it, we made it and called it the soup kitchen. Here it was then, unbeknown to the sparrows, we spread ample banquets for the starving birds, and here that I often saw the shyer birds, emboldened by the quiet of the spot, come for food. The hawfinch was always here, and the jay. Here, too, on the ice, enjoying the scraps of fat, was the woodpecker. Then came the warmer weather and the ice went, and with it all the birds, and my ditch indeed, for "February fill-dyke" filled it up to the brim, and the passengers from the spinneys to the meadows found their highway closed.

And so perhaps it came to pass that I was able to catch "Bunnykin." In ordinary times he could have come and gone by the hidden way of the ditch. But the melting snow had filled the ditch level to its brim, and he had to come round by the orchard.

It was a very young one, so young that it did not even understand what either "hiding" or "running away" really meant. It had seen its mother do both, and countless generations of bunnies had seen their mothers do exactly the same. When they hid themselves they sat down very close to the ground, and when they ran away they made a short, rapid dash, and then came to a full stop. But this bunnykin had not yet realized the fact that if it wished to hide there must be something near in which to hide. Its mother, when it sat down very close, was in tall clover or meadow hay, or in cover of some kind, and when she sat down she became invisible; so, too, whenever she



ran away, it was always in the direction of a hole or a furze bush or a hedge, or something where she was out of sight, and where by stopping very suddenly she misled the enemy into thinking she had gone ever so much further on. But our poor little bunnykin had not grown up to this yet. When it tried to hide it sat down very close, it is true, but on the middle of the path and most pathetically unconcealed. When it ran away it was only down the same path a little way and then it came to a full stop without even a blade of grass to screen it. How it escaped the cats I cannot imagine, but it did, for I saw it twice and the second time I caught it. I took it up to the house and put it into the great aviary in the shrubbery; for when it saw me coming it hid itself—the pretty wee fool—by crouching down as flat as possible on the close-shorn turf, and when I walked up to it it made a spasmodic little hedgehog sort of dash down the path and squatted again as if it were out of sight. So I picked it up for its own good, knowing that it was not wise enough yet to look after itself, and made a prisoner of it till its babyhood was past, and then we let it go in a spinney; and as soon as it was let go it ran off as if it was never going to stop, and I am not sure that I ever saw it again.

But there was one rabbit that we all called "Bunnykin," which used to come on to the lawn almost up to the drawing-room door and eat the campanulas; and now and again one or other of us would catch a glimpse of a rabbit near the aviary where, at intervals, the gardener's boy had been told to shoot all refuse garden-stuff, a barrowful at a time, aged cabbages with turnip and carrot tops (here and there an unconsidered rootlet among the foliage—oh, joy for Bunnykin!), and overgrown parsley and lettuces that had run to seed, a veritable Ali Baba's heap of treasures; and we always said this rabbit was "Bunnykin."

But by and by came a day when we found on the garden path fragments of rabbit fur and two little hind-paws, and Prin, our great Persian cat, came home

with two little fore-paws, and carried its trophies into the kitchen to the delirious enchantment of two pug puppies which were there in a box. But we all felt that these were the sad relics of "Bunnykin" betrayed to death by overconfidence, so we chided Prin becomingly, and mourned for "Bunnykin." And the pug puppies kept faithful to those fore-paws till they were so grown up that they scorned their box; but in case they should ever "unremember" the rabbit as Tots said, we christened them Bunkins and Bunnywee. And Tots, sitting in one of her silly little sentimental moods, cuddling the pups on her lap and talking to them, said queerly, "We tried to be good to Bunnykin when he was a baby, and so when he had gone dead he said to Prin, 'You may take my 'ickle paws to the pups to play with. I don't want them any more.'"

What a very helpless little mite a young rabbit really is whose mother is dead, unable to say a word in its own defence and with nothing that may protect it but its baby-beauty. As it goes out foraging for itself, a responsibility absurdly disproportioned to its size, its every step must be a terror to it. With what deference it treats the blackbird pecking at a fallen apple with such furious energy. "I hope he won't peck me like that," says the bunny. And here is a robin right in front of it, perking up its tail at the tiny grey passenger and chirruping defiance, and the bunny gives the impudent red-coat a wide berth, but lo! a squirrel in the way, making fearsome noises with nuts. And the bunny lays low, and 'lows he'll wait till Brer Squirrel done eating nuts. And there at the corner is a thrush hammering snails on a stone, as awe-inspiring a sound to the bunny as Grumble-king grinding bones to make his bread to Jack. Another bird is tapping hollowly at a tree, and a creature down in a hole is rasping away at something. Very suspicious noises these, and threatening. And poor bunny's ears are twitching all the time with fright, and it hardly dares to nibble a mouthful lest "something" should overtake it.

When you pick it up, it lies on your hand as still as a dead thing, with ears laid along its back, and paws tucked in, and only its fast-panting sides—"drawing its breath as short as a new-ta'en sparrow"—to tell you that your pretty captive is in an agony of fear. So treat it tenderly. A drain-pipe half filled with hay makes a sumptuous "burrow" for it, and with a little heap of bran and parsley and lettuce leaves at the open end the bunny finds life more comfortable than when buccaneering in the orchard. For the creatures in the aviary are all friends, and it is not long before Bunnykins finds it out, and, though never familiar with the pigeons and the golden pheasants and long-haired covies, he is no longer afraid for his life, and all his neighbors 'low that Brer Bunny is very 'specktable, and with no misbehavishness.

And, who knows, perhaps, he tells his companions about life "out of doors," its incidents and excitements, and be sure that if he did, he did not forget to tell them about the dreadful ailment so incidental to rabbits, which I suppose they call "bang." "It is a very common ailment," he would say, "and dreadfully sudden." What causes it we do not know, but all at once you hear *bang*, and one of us stops running. Sometimes he lies quite still, sometimes he tumbles head over heels, sometimes he seems to be unable to run and only creeps. And what happens afterwards we cannot tell. Enough that he never comes home again. And would add the bunny, "there is a very bad form of bang from which you seldom recover. We call it bang-bang."

PHIL ROBINSON.

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From *Les Années*.

#### THE FÉLIBRE.

The "félibre" is a modern type, quite unknown to our ancestors. The first félibre to achieve renown was Joseph Roucaville, who amused himself by collecting some of the legends of Pro-

vence and turning them into dialect verse for the diversion of his mother. The good lady liked them; the son found the exercise entertaining, and by and by, his bits of rhyme began to find favor with the knowing folk of Avignon. A little group of artists then combined to work the same vein; which they did systematically and more or less successfully, until Mistral came to render the association famous by his masterpiece "*Mirèio*." The society called itself the Félibrige, and was content, for a time, with its local fame. It was mentioned with sympathy and admired at a distance, and its members dwelt in their proper realm like feudal lords respected and all-powerful. But one day the fatal ambition seized them of issuing from their own domain and making conquest, first of Paris and, after Paris, of all France. The literary triumphs of certain southerners,—especially of Alphonse Daudet, had intoxicated them. They rushed to the siege of the capital, and their tumultuous phalanx received fresh reinforcements every day. They established themselves in the Latin quarter, and chose for their place of meeting the Café Voltaire, which resounded thenceforth with the uproar of their eloquence. They were noisy and demonstrative, uncereceremonious and obstinate; and they wore their beards long. They nudged one another; they got into the newspapers; they gorged themselves with mutual admiration. They came, ere long, to constitute a formidable free-masonry against which one had to defend oneself. They were amusing and men laughed at first, at their awesome accents, the intrepidity of their pride, the superb confidence in their own genius, which they cherished, one and all. They let the storm pass, and held on their way. They concocted among themselves a wonderful system of advertising. The merest bagatelle which affected them, assumed, at once, the importance of an affair of state. Once a month, they assembled in solemn conclave, and an official report of their proceedings was published the next day.

But public opinion is capricious, and,

by and by, the world began to tire of the félibres. They then perceived the necessity of keeping up the excitement by organizing an annual fête, which might serve as a pretext for discourses and "farandoles." They cast their eyes upon poor Florian who had looked for nothing less than such a distinction. Florian had never written a line in the Provençal dialect but was sleeping peacefully among the roses at Sceaux, in a cemetery overflowing with blossom, the sweetest, sunniest spot of all the world in spring. This was quite enough. The félibres decided to organize a pilgrimage to his grave. They determined to secure, each year, some person of distinction to conduct the exercises; and they applied first to the great men of their own country,—to Daudet, Zola, Paul Arène and Benjamin Constant. But they had, of course, to provide a constant succession of new tenors; and when they had exhausted the south, they turned their attention to the north. They appealed to the good nature of Ernest Renan, who was a Bréton; of M. Jules Claretie, who is from Limoge; of M. François Coppeé, who is Parisian of the Parisians. Later they summoned to the tomb of Florian, M. Henrik Ibsen, Count Tolstol, M. Maurice Maeterlinck; it mattered little whom provided only the trumpets of the press made public proclamation of the circumstance.

Eventually, however, the amiable chevalier, the gentle father of "Estelle" ceased to pique the curiosity of the public. He became as old a story as the rosary of Nauterre. It was necessary to open a new vein and revive declining interest by some master-stroke. Then it was that one ingenious félibre, to whom posterity may yet raise a temple, cast his eyes upon the Roman theatre at Orange. Was it not a sublime thought, that of restoring these ruins to life, and bringing in the first artists of the Comédie Française to play the immortal masterpieces of the classic drama in that place, amid purely "félibrean" accessories? The occasion might also be utilized for the inauguration of twenty busts, and the delivery

of as many orations; the recitation of fifty sonnets; the illumination of the pope's castle at Avignon by electric light, and a solemn celebration of the glories of Mistral. What an opportunity for the "Félibrige!" The conspirators of the Café Voltaire exulted, and their eyes gleamed with a sinister light. They fancied that the rest of us would retire from the contest and hold our peace; but not a bit of it! They have not yet done with the grandchildren of King René!

I must admit, however, that the first expedition was charming. All Provence was there, quivering with pride and excitement. And the north entered frankly into the spirit of the thing. There were four or five of us present, who represented in an informal way, the criticism of Paris; and who asked nothing better than to expand in the sunshine, and intoxicate ourselves with the same. The leader of our contingent was Henri Fouquier, who made, on an average, two speeches a day, marked by a grace and a philosophic spirit that were truly Athenian. The performances lasted a week, and the time slipped by like a dream. It was a period of delicious vagabondage, along dusty highways, and through the cool, steep streets of ancient cities. And the programme kept its promises. There was a statue, or at least a memorial tablet, ready for us, at every crossway. It is incredible, the number of illustrious men, who have been born in that remarkable country! When we reached Orange we found the little town overflowing. There was not a room to be had, nor a bed, nor so much as a truss of hay. I can see our party still, dragging its own valises, and humbly requesting at every door, a hospitality which was amiably refused. Weary of the quest we sat ourselves down, at last, on the steps of the Triumphal Arch, and resolved to disconcert our ill-fortune by a double dose of gaiety. Then the beloved senior member of our band, Francisque Sarcey, had a happy inspiration.

"The college!" he exclaimed.

"Where's the college?"

It happened to be close alongside of us, where we sat. The principal received us with the utmost urbanity. He was a respectable old university man, kind-hearted though timid. He threw open an immense dormitory, large enough to have accommodated a cavalry-regiment in comfort, and there we were, lodged like princes! Now we could turn with free minds to the loftier joys that awaited us. And there was no disillusion. The spectacle was more magnificent even than we had expected. Mounet-Sully surpassed himself. Was it the contact of that vast enthusiastic multitude, the sweetness of the starry night, or the effect of our own excited imagination? The tragedy of Sophocles moved us to tears. The brave lines of Jules Lacroix set flowing in our veins a sort of divine ichor. It was like a religious service. Mounet-Sully in his white draperies, was much more like an officiating priest, than like a spouting actor. We went back to Paris, overpowered by a sense of obligation to the *félibres* who had procured us this wonderful æsthetic treat.

Alas, their success had been too rapid! They vaunted it in the most dithyrambic terms, and it filled them with immeasurable vanity. They made enormous plans for the future. They wanted to give a permanent character to an accidental experience. They annexed the ancient theatre of Orange, planted themselves in it as conquerors, and resolved to turn it to account. They organized a second caravan for 1894, but instead of proceeding discreetly, as on the first occasion, they blew a mighty blast and summoned everybody to attend. There was a perfect phrensy of "interviews;" and the foundation was announced of a "French Baireuth,"—a goal of national pilgrimage. No more was needed to let loose the cockney spirit, and stimulate the craving for publicity which sleeps in the breast of every literary man. Recruits without number flocked to the army of the *félibres*. They came from every quarter of France. Normandy, Touraine, the Vosges, the Jura, all furnished their quota; and the *Cigales*

of the Rhône, the true and original *Cigales*, encountered to their amazement spurious *Cigales*, who could not even comprehend their language. A terrible state of confusion ensued and incidents of the most untoward character cast a gloom over the occasion. There were bouts of pure vanity, some ridiculous, others painful. Devotion to high art retired into the background, and was eclipsed, by miserable competitions. The *félibres* appeared in their true colors, and it became evident that a good many of them were using the peplum of *Œdipus*, as a cloak for personal schemes and calculations. One wanted a bit of ribbon, another an office, another a chair in the Academy, or a seat in the Legislature.

They succeeded in getting a commission appointed by government, to lay the foundations in perpetuity, of the "French Baireuth." The committee met once and then adjourned, and its labors have been resumed only at long intervals. There are rumors of sharp disputes, and pretty comedies played within closed doors. The few philosophic members have gotten a good deal of amusement out of the sessions, but they are growing rather cold to the "Félibrige."

Is he then fallen from his antique virtue—the *félibre*? Is he no more the pure artist, the disinterested poet, composing melodious madrigals under the walls of Avignon, and asking no reward save the approbation of his peers and the sweet glances of the girls of Arles? Alas, the title has passed through too many hands; the label has lost its value! It has become a mere cockade which the commercial travellers of literature stick in their own hats.

There are a few genuine "*félibres*" left, but they are very rare!

Translated for THE LIVING AGE, from the French of Adolphe Brisson.

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From The National Review.  
THE STORY OF A PHILANTHROPIC PAWN-SHOP.

It was Monday morning, the busiest time in the whole week in the Doro-

theergasse. Although the clock had not yet struck eight, quite a little crowd was already assembled there, before the door of a great convent. They were working people for the most part, of the poorest class too; judging by the look in their eyes it was only the chosen few among them who had breakfasted. None the less, they chatted away quite cheerily, and indulged in jokes at each other's expense; for the sun was shining, and it is only when there are clouds overhead that the true Viennese is inclined to take life sadly. They all had bundles in their hands of one sort or another; and they kept glancing down at them from time to time, with an odd expression on their faces. Evidently these burdens of theirs were, for the moment, important factors in their lives.

Besides the men and women who took up their station boldly before the convent itself, there were others of a less sociable nature, who hovered about in the neighborhood—in Stefansplatz and the Kapuzinerstrasse. They passed and repassed the end of the Dorotheergasse, but always in the most casual fashion; and, if by any chance they did so merely for the purpose of studying the architecture of a certain Protestant temple that stands there. Some of these persons were women, thickly veiled, and in long dark cloaks, and among them there seemed to be much nervous excitement. It was quite pitiable to note how convulsively they clutched whatever they held in their hands, when they heard footsteps behind them. Manifestly they were bent at any cost on avoiding intercourse with their kind.

On the stroke of eight the convent door was thrown open. At once all laughing and talking ceased and every one became intent on his own affairs. The crowd entered the building quietly, by twos and twos, and made their way up-stairs in the most business-like fashion. There two policemen were stationed who scanned carefully the faces—the hands, too—of all who passed. Some seemed to regard the scrutiny to which they were thus sub-

jected in the light of an ordeal; while others resented it as a piece of gratuitous impertinence on the part of the authorities. So righteously indignant, indeed, was one great fellow, that the moment he caught sight of the officers he turned on his heel and quitted the convent—with more speed than dignity. Such people as these, however, were the exception; to the majority the presence of an official more or less was evidently a matter of profound indifference. As a much-bewrinkled old woman remarked shrewdly: "Police-men must have standing-room somewhere, and they are less in one's way here than in most places."

From eight o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon, the stream of men and women up that staircase never ceased; nearly two thousand must have passed there that day. But even when the throng was greatest there was never a touch of confusion, all things were done decently and in order. Indeed, the only sound to be heard was just from time to time a shrill little cry of "Nicht genug"—always in a woman's voice. They did not stay long in the place; within a very few minutes from the time when they crossed its threshold, they were back in the street again, with money in their hands, too, as one could see by their faces. For the most part they seemed fairly content with what they had received, although some of the women cried bitterly as they trudged on their way. It was a case of outraged feeling as often as not, some little treasure or other by which they laid great store, had met perhaps with but scant appreciation. It is terribly hard for the feminine mind to grasp the fact that, in the eyes of an official valuer, a wedding-ring, for instance, is not worth one single whit more than any common little golden nugget of the same weight. A few of those who had entered the convent had their bundles still in their hands when they came out and all who had seemed to be in the very slough of despond. And little wonder either, for they who cannot dispose of their wares in the Dorotheergasse, have not much



chance of finding a market for them elsewhere. For the very *raison d'être* of the institution in the convent there, the Imperial Pawn Office as it is called, is to give a helping hand to the poor and needy.

Early in the year 1707 there was great distress in Lower Austria. The streets of Vienna were thronged with hungry men and women, who clamored for food so fiercely, that richer folk thought twice before venturing out among them. The very air was alive with cries of "Brod, Brod, Gleb uns Brod;" and one might have thought the city was beset with wolves from the strange sounds to be heard there. The emperor himself—it was Josef I.—could not eat his dinner in peace owing to the tumult made by his starving subjects; while as for his councillors, they went about declaring that their lives were not worth living, so untoward was the generation in the midst of which their lot was cast. Something must be done, that was clear, but no one knew what. At length, just when those in authority were at their wits' end, a suggestion was made—by whom tradition does not say. It was that an institution should be founded of the same kind as one which had already relieved much suffering among the poor of the city of Amsterdam. This institution, it seems, helped the poverty-stricken to tide over times of exceptional distress by lending money to them almost gratis.

The emperor was delighted with the idea. He promptly issued a decree in which he called upon his subjects to organize in Vienna what was practically a philanthropic pawn-shop; or, as he put it in his quaint old-fashioned German, "Ein solches Mittel vor die Hand zu nehmen wordurch denen jenigen betragten Partheyen geholfen werden möchte, welche auff eine kurtze zeit eines Geldes bedurfftig waren." He did more, he interested himself personally in the scheme, decided the lines upon which it should be worked, and gave money out of his own privy purse towards providing it with the necessary capital. From that day the Imperial Pawn Office has been under the special

protection of the emperors of Austria; and even now its managers rank as government officials, and are under the control of the minister of the interior.

Notwithstanding the favorable auspices under which it was founded, the Imperial Pawn Office had at first a somewhat chequered career. The Gross Armen Haus, as the council which administered the relief of the poor of Vienna was then called, undertook to organize and work it, upon the understanding that, if the scheme should prove a success, any money made by it should belong to the council. The directors of the Haus raised what additional capital they needed for their enterprise by bartering away the right they possessed of levying a contribution of fuel on Vienna, Korneuberg, and other towns. With some of the money they thus obtained they bought from the Count Von Weltz a house in the Annagasse; and there, on March 14th, 1707, they opened their pawn-shop. The rules by which they conducted their business were very simple. All the articles brought to them were divided into two classes, viz., those which would not deteriorate and those which would. On the former they advanced in money two-thirds of their value, and charged interest on it at the rate of a heller a month for each florin; on the latter they advanced one-half of their value, and charged two hellers for each florin. To no one person, however, would they lend more than a hundred florins.

Just when things were in working order, the plague broke out in Vienna; and for three years the Annagasse business was at a standstill; for its managers dare not take clothes in pawn, and the class of clients with whom they had to deal had nothing much else to offer. When once this disaster was passed, however, the office soon became quite a thriving concern, at least from a philanthropic point of view. It was the means of relieving much real distress, especially among the respectable poor, who, when evil days came upon them, had recourse to it gladly, and were often able to ward off ruin by the loans they thus obtained. But finan-

cially, for some little time, the undertaking was not a success; indeed, as the directors of the Gross Armen Haus complained, instead of its being, as they had hoped, a source of income to them, it involved them in expense. This was due to the fact that, as much more eagerness was shown in pledging than in redeeming, the managers had constantly left on their hands a large supply of wares, of which they found great difficulty in disposing. They were forced, therefore, to increase their working capital, and to do so must borrow money at six per cent. interest! Under these circumstances, pawn-broking, as carried on at the Imperial Office, could never be very profitable; still, before long, the Institution became self-supporting. Already in 1717, ten years after it was founded, it could boast of profits—1,231 florins on a capital of 124,231 florins! Then the emperor stepped in, and insisted on the rate of interest charged being lowered by one half. Whereupon the Gross Armen Haus rose in revolt—as it had the Church at its back it often took up an oddly independent attitude with regard to the crown. It declared that it would wash its hands of the whole concern, and demanded that the capital it had invested in it should be refunded. But this was out of the question, as much of the money was gone, and no one knew where. The quarrel raged for years and ended in a compromise. The Pawn Office was reorganized and placed under the management of certain imperial officers, who undertook, in return for being allowed to retain the use of the capital invested in it, to pay to the Gross Armen Haus a yearly contribution of two thousand florins.

In the hands of its new managers, the Imperial Pawn Office extended its business in all directions, and soon had more clients than it could possibly deal with. Before long its profits amounted to ten thousand florins a year, and these were always added to the working capital; for when it came to the point, the managers stoutly refused to hand over any portion of their gains to the Gross

Armen Haus—all former promises and pledges notwithstanding. They admitted that, according to the Emperor Josef I.'s decree, all money made by the office must be spent on the relief of the poor; but they maintained that, by granting small loans on easy terms they did thus spend it, and in a much more beneficent fashion than the Gross Armen Haus, with its eternal almsgiving, would do. After a time the Imperial Office seems to have lost much of its philanthropic character; its officials became more intent on money making than on helping their clients. But when Josef II. came to the throne he speedily put an end to this state of things, for he was not the man to tolerate abuses in an institution which was under his protection. He reorganized the office completely, with the result that it soon recovered all its old popularity. By 1787 its business had increased to such an extent that it became necessary to remove it to larger premises. It was then that the convent in the Dorotheergasse was bought, and there the institution has ever since had its home. Some ten years ago a second Imperial Pawn Office was opened in Vienna, in the Feldgasse, and there is good reason to hope that there will be a third before long.

These Imperial Pawn Offices are organized and worked for the express purpose of helping the poor. If members of the higher classes choose to have recourse to them, when in need of money, they are free to do so; nay, more, they are made welcome; for were it not for their patronage, the offices could not be self-supporting—they would have to be either subsidized or closed. Still it is not the convenience, or the interests, of persons who can afford to borrow money in the open market, that are consulted when arrangements are being made there, but those of the poor, the respectable poor above all. Not that outwardly, at least, there is anything that smacks of a charity about these institutions; on the contrary, they are essentially business concerns, managed upon strictly business principles. They who go there—even the most poverty-

stricken—never dream that they are receiving a favor, or being laid under an obligation. Indeed, an Austrian would no more think of being grateful to the Imperial Pawn Office for lending him money, than an Englishman to the Post Office for carrying his letters. In the one case as in the other the transaction is regarded simply as "business." Yet practically the offices are centres for the distribution of relief in minute portions; only so quietly and discreetly is the work carried on, that the fact is hardly suspected. Help is given there, and at the very moment when it is most needed; it is given, too, in such a way that the accepting of it involves no humiliation even on the most sensitive. Of the crowd assembled in the Dorotheergasse that morning, one-fourth at least received charity before they went on their way; yet it is very doubtful whether one among them realized that such was the case.

The terms upon which the Pawn Offices deal with their clients would not, at a first glance, strike the uninitiated as being specially philanthropic; ten per cent. interest per annum is charged for all money lent, no matter whether it be one florin or ten thousand. But it must be remembered that for one person who pledges his goods for a year, there are a dozen who pledge them for a week. Some men make a point of depositing their Sunday clothes with their "Uncle" every Monday morning throughout the year and of redeeming them every Saturday night. By such little transactions as these our London pawnbrokers manage to make some four hundred per cent. on the money they advance; while the Vienna Pawn Offices are compelled to content themselves with clearing twenty per cent. And this twenty per cent. would be only ten, were it not that a regulation is in force by which they are allowed to charge interest for a full fortnight on what they lend, even though it be repaid at the end of the day.

Supposing that the sum advanced to the hebdomadal pawnor on his clothes were 10s., then the use of those shillings, from Monday until Saturday, for fifty-

two weeks, would cost him about £2, if he lived in London; whereas he could have the use of them for 2s. if he were in Vienna.

The regular pawnor, however, is not an individual whose interest the directors of the Imperial Offices—or any one else—feel called upon to study. The institution does not exist for his benefit, but for that of the occasional borrower, of him who has just fallen a few steps behind in the race. If a Viennese artisan be out of work, or be laid aside by illness, for a month or two, he must have a more scant supply of possessions than most men of his class, if he cannot raise in the Dorotheergasse what money he needs to help him over his day of trouble. All he has to do is to deposit at one of the offices articles to the value of one-fourth more than the sum he requires. If the tables, chairs, clothes, watch, or whatever else he may send there, be in the judgment of the official valuer worth £4, £3 is advanced to him on their security. And he receives the £3 in full, for no charge of any sort is made for the loan until the time comes for him to redeem it. Then, supposing it be at the end of three months, 1s. 6d. is the amount he is required to pay as interest. This 1s. 6d., *nota bene*, is the whole expense the borrowing of the money entails on him; for in Vienna there is no levying of "Hanging," or "ticket," fees. Even if, instead of borrowing £3 for three months, he had borrowed £20, 10s. is all that he would have to pay for the use of the money.

But most of the people who resort to these offices, it is well to remember, go in search not of sovereigns, but of shillings. During the year 1893, 866,015 articles were pledged there, and on 773,120 of them the sum lent was under ten florins; on 90,060, the sum lent was between ten and one hundred florins; on 2,773, between one hundred and one thousand florins; and on only fifty-three of them was it over one thousand florins.

On an average 2,380 persons a day pawn at the offices some one or other of their possessions; and one hundred

and twenty-five of them pay for the loans they obtain only one kreuzer, *i.e.*, one-fifth of a penny; while about five hundred more pay rather less than a penny. And this is every farthing these people contribute to the working expenses of the institution, the cost of storing their goods, etc. Needless to say, the offices, far from deriving any benefit whatever from their business with this section of their customers, are the poorer for every visit they receive from them. Their kreuzer clients—whether one kreuzer or four—are in fact the recipients of their charity; for not only do they work for them gratis, but they deal out doles to them—in fractions of a penny.

In addition to the six hundred and twenty-five clients who are a direct burden on their resources, the offices have some hundreds more—exactly how many it would be impossible to say—by whom they neither gain nor lose. The interest these persons pay on their loans is enough, though barely enough, to defray the expenses incurred on their behalf. Thus the offices do not clear one iota of profit by their transactions with the majority of their customers; what money they make is made entirely by their loans to the minority. And this minority consists, in part at least, of persons who are driven to pledge their goods not so much by poverty, as by some sudden embarrassment. They have backed the wrong horse perhaps, or have lost more money at cards than they can afford, or some bill may have fallen due before they are quite prepared to meet it. At the offices they can obtain money more easily, and at a cheaper rate, than elsewhere; they can obtain it, too, without any fear of being subjected to sharp dealing. And this even though they be women who know no more about business than flies. Such clients as these are a regular source of income to the offices; and it is they who supply a goodly portion of the means by which the work is carried on there. Ten per cent. interest on a loan of one florin is hardly worth considering; but ten per cent. on one of one hundred—or better

still, one thousand—florins is a very different matter.

When the time comes for a man to redeem the pledge he has given, it may happen, of course, that he has not the money wherewith to do so. In this case he may, if he choose, repledge it. In the course of the year 1893 no fewer than 91,079 pawns were repledged. If, however, at the end of ten months from the time for which he pawned his possession he have neither redeemed it nor repledged it, it is put up for sale at a public auction. Should the sum for which it is sold be greater than that for which it was pledged, the difference is handed over to the original owner, providing he claim it within three years. Otherwise it becomes the property of the institution. One of the most remarkable facts in connection with the working of the offices is the very small number of cases in which the pawn-tickets are allowed to lapse. In the course of the year 1893, 866,015 articles were pledged, and 848,562 were redeemed. It is notable, too, that the unredeemed pledges consist almost entirely of jewellery.

The present financial condition of the Imperial Pawn Office is on the whole satisfactory, considering the terms on which business is carried on there. Not only are these institutions entirely self-supporting, but at the end of every year they find themselves richer than they were at the beginning. It must not be forgotten, however, that no interest is paid on the capital invested in them, which now amounts to some £315,000. In 1893 their income was 318,678 florins, and their expenditure 256,558 florins; thus their net gain for the year was 62,120 florins. The directors of the offices have only half of the profits at their disposal; as, owing to the fact that the greater part of the original capital of the undertaking was supplied by the Gross Armen Haus, they are obliged to hand over the other half to the Municipality of Vienna for the relief of the poor. Their own share of the money is devoted to extending their business. The expense of starting the Feldgasse Office was defrayed out of

the earnings of that in the Dorotheergasse; and, at the present time, the united profits of the two offices are being allowed to accumulate with a view to a third being opened, as soon as the necessary capital has been saved.

The *modus agendi* at the offices is simple in the extreme. The part of the building into which the public are admitted consists of long corridors, which have, opening out of them, a series of little windows of the same kind as those through which in England we buy our railway tickets. Within each window two officials are stationed, valuers and cashiers at alternate windows. Whoever wishes to pawn anything passes it into the office by one of the valuers' windows, if it be not too large, otherwise by a door. The first valuer examines the article, notes on paper what he considers its worth, and hands it to the second, who in his turn writes down the amount at which he appraises it. They compare their notes and then decide how much may be safely advanced on the security offered. This sum, or one smaller if the owner prefers it, is inserted in two vouchers, and a number corresponding to the number on them is affixed to the pledge. The thing is then handed over to the storer, while the pawnier betakes himself to the cashier's window, where, in return for one of his vouchers, he receives the money due to him. The whole proceeding does not, as a rule, take up three minutes.

A few months ago a chance visitor passed some little time in the Dorotheergasse Office, just within one of the windows through which the pledges are handed in to be valued. This special window is reserved for the élite among the pawniers, *i.e.*, those who have jewels, or other "precious things," to offer in exchange for money. The first to appear there that day was a girl who brought with her quite a formidable array of silver ornaments, brooches, bracelets, and a necklace. Her face flushed with anger when she heard the value set upon them. The things had cost her more than three times as much, she declared and they were as good as new, every one of them. The awards

of the official valuers are, however, as the laws of the Medes, and this she evidently knew; for she made no attempt to induce them to give her more than they offered. A great rough workman stepped into her place, and drew out of his pocket, in a somewhat shamefaced fashion, a meerschaum pipe. "I shall want it out again in a day or two," he remarked gruffly, as he went on his way. Then a little old woman, who looked a thousand at least, presented with a thin, trembling hand a silver Crucifix. She watched with undisguised anxiety the faces of the valuers as they examined it, and heaved a sigh of relief when she heard how much they were willing to give her. A smartly dressed young person—a lady's maid one could see at a glance—was the next to come forward, and her pledge was a diamond ring of considerable value. She made some whispered communication to the valuer as she handed it to him; she was acting, it seems, for her mistress. The whole morning long the office was thronged with clients, for they who are in want of money are always legion. A poorly clad, middle-aged woman, who looked too tired to live, slipped through the window a baby's coral. It was rolled neatly in cotton wool, and she gave it a kiss before she let it go. The valuers seemed in doubt at first about accepting this pledge, it was such a poor little thing; but they ended by certifying that it was enough security for one guilder. Once the rustle of silk was heard, and there appeared at the window a lady whom the officials seemed to recognize, in spite of her thick black veil. Perhaps they knew her by her voice, which was singularly low and sweet. She had brought with her a beautifully-wrought Indian necklace, and was anxious to raise on it the very largest sum possible. A poor old woman burst into tears when she heard that her three little spoons were worth only five florins; while a girl—she was hardly out of her teens—who was told that her silver thimble was of no value at all, broke down completely. As she turned away, a man advanced with quite a jaunty air,



and asked for a loan on a much-battered old watch. The thing was of no use to him whatever, he announced; and that was why he was pawning it, not because he wanted the money. He treated the whole proceeding as a joke, yet his hand trembled as he clutched the vouchers, and there was something in his face that made one think of a wolf. This institution is a depressing resort, it must be confessed.

The Emperor Josef I. certainly deserves to rank as a benefactor of his kind, if for nothing but the fact that he founded the Imperial Pawn Office. Hardly a day passes but some man or other finds there the means wherewith to ward off the ruin that threatens him.

EDITH SELLERS.

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Translated for THE LIVING AGE.  
A GREAT CATCH.

Covered with glory and with many wounds, but without a penny in his pocket—something that often happens to heroes—the noble Baron of Mequinenza returned one day to his dismantled castle to eat in peace the poor *garbanzas*<sup>1</sup> entailed with his title.

Two words about the warrior bold and two more about his den.

Don Jaime de Mequinenza, baron of the same name, a captain who had fought in the interests of Louis XIV., was, at this time, a man of thirty-five years, tall, handsome, brave and very enterprising, not fond of letters but extremely fond of a quiet chat with the pretty village maidens. Add to all this that he was an orphan, an only child, and a bachelor, and the reader may form an idea of our Aragonese *hidalgo*. As for the castle, it was his living image, except in strength, for solitude, poverty and loftiness. It was half built, half hewn from a rock which was lapped by the waves of the river Eber, on one side, and protected on the other by a lofty mountain whose summit towered high in the clouds.

At the foot of this cliff, there were a

dozen or so of little huts inhabited by the vassals of the baron and by the laborers of the four vineyards which constituted his estate. From the village to the castle, one climbed by many a steep acclivity which terminated in a moat with a drawbridge. This moat was filled with water which came from a branch of the Eber half a league to the north of the fortress; a brook, growing deeper as it ran and turning into a noisy torrent as it plunged into a wide-spreading river.

Built also upon an inaccessible flank of the mountain, separated from the castle by this torrent of water, and like the castle itself, perched over the Eber, there was another rock, much smaller, crowned by a cabin and a little garden, built there by the daring hand of man.

A wide walnut plank served as a bridge between castle and cabin, so that, if it were impossible to reach the first, the drawbridge being removed, it was also impossible to reach the second, the plank being taken up.

We have already said that Don Jaime Mequinenza lived on the feudal rock, but we have not said that a fisher of eels lived upon the feudatory rock, and, moreover, the man was becoming rich, thanks to his daring thought of placing his home in that lonely, exposed place.

Damian, as the fisherman was called, had conceived the idea of fastening to the little bridge two huge nets which formed bags. The cascade foamed and bubbled behind them and served as a sort of bulwark against the force of the waters. By this artifice, all the eels having gone out of their way, were obliged to make this jump to return to the Ebro, their cradle, and thereupon found themselves imprisoned in Damian's nets. By catching the fish in this easy way, he was able to undersell all the other fishermen. Now that we know the scene of our story let us pass on to other investigations.

We have said that Damian was growing rich with such heavy nets, but we have forgotten to say that Damian, like many another man, had been stupid enough to marry a very pretty girl who was fond of dress and was a natural

<sup>1</sup> A kind of pea.

coquette. Carmela, that sweet variation of Carmen! (He called her Carmelita) was a rustic daughter of the little village. She did not know how to read nor did she care one jot, but she would have tempted St. Anthony himself if that worthy anchorite had not been aided by the grace of Heaven—and she had the grace of *el Diablo*.

She was a blonde, as generally happens in such cases—petite, slender and graceful as a fawn. What a throat! What shoulders! What a pretty head! How gracefully she walked! Her complexion was as white as snow, as rosy as an afternoon in May and as fresh as the pure air of those mountain heights. She had a droop of the mouth that would have inspired a poet. Ay! Carmen, Carmela, Carmelita! what could poor Damian do but adore thee and hide thee on the summit of a rock, where thou wast defended from the world by a feudal castle, where no one could visit thee by day without being seen by all the village, nor walk around thy cabin by night, except five hundred feet below it.

But, like many other women of equal merit, Carmela dressed for her own pleasure when she could not arouse the admiration of her neighbors, so that, in spite of living alone and not being seen by any one, except on the few nights her husband was at home, she spent a good part of the money gained by selling eels, in aprons, basques, earrings, and other things which poor Damian never noticed, although the rogue wore them before his very eyes.

Impressed, perhaps, by her lofty station in the world, Carmela adorned herself every day as if for a ball, then she seated herself at the door of the cabin. There the birds gazed upon her, the flowers and the heavens, but nothing more. However, she quietly awaited the hour of her destiny. The castle, the only dwelling near the cabin, was completely deserted (we refer to the state of things before the return of Don Jaime de Mequinenza), and from the valley the fisherman's wife looked like a huge, bright colored flower, clinging to

the side of the abyss. Therefore, the admirer for whom Carmela longed so ardently could only come through the air, that is, supposing always that she wished to have an admirer.

"Then Carmela did not love her husband!" some one exclaims.

How do I know? I can only say that she was very pretty and that she lived alone, for Damian spent the greater part of his life selling eels in the markets. Moreover, he had forbidden her to go down to the village during his absence, and she obeyed her husband implicitly—the Church demands it—and the dainty señora did not care for the rustic, uncouth countrymen. But you will say that Damian was also a rustic, uncouth countryman, and therefore I intend to say that Carmela did not care for him. Well then, she did not care for him. Why should she care for a rough, badly dressed man, with hardened, calloused hands, sunburnt, weatherbeaten and smelling of fish at a yard's distance, while she was so dainty, so elegant, and as presumptuous as a *Madridlena*.<sup>1</sup> It is true that if the poor fisherman paid little attention to his personal appearance, his beautiful wife paid a great deal to hers. It is also true that if the husband had toiled less, in order to care for his hands, the wife would have had to work more, thus losing the delicacy of hers. It is true that with the fish with its disagreeable odor, the sweet smelling soap is bought, but what woman cares to reflect, especially a woman of nineteen years, as pretty, light and graceful as the seven colors of the rainbow?

Ah, gratitude is a sentiment little welcomed by a person infatuated with herself, and justice is an idea too serious for a girl who laughs by herself, and Carmela liked to laugh by herself in front of the glass. This all signifies that the fisherman's beautiful wife had fallen in love with Don Jaime de Mequinenza from the time it was noised about in the village that this gentleman had returned, victorious, to his ancestral castle. Don Jaime had indeed returned, and as he already loved her *en*

<sup>1</sup> Native of Madrid.

*especie*, as a great scholar once put it, he had only to see her to adore her.

Damian, in the mean while fished for eels. Nevertheless, ever since the return of the baron, a vague uneasiness had awakened in the soul of the jealous husband. Although for many years there had been implanted in his heart a deep respect for the lord of the castle, he could not help thinking that Don Jaime was a gallant gentleman and that Carmela was very pretty. Moreover, from the castle to the cabin it was not so far as from the cabin to the village, especially if one considered the walnut bridge.

So it happened that Damian, pretending to have rheumatism in his foot had hired a boy to sell the fish and scarcely left the cabin.

Don Jaime and Carmela were already tired of telegrams, as they say to-day, and were madly in love with each other—something sure to happen between two who look at each other and cannot speak. Platonism had become insupportable, the distance immense and the bridge passable. They waited with anxiety for Damian's first trip to market, in order to have an interview alone. All this had been arranged by signs and a divination.

It was a beautiful afternoon in May. Husband and wife were seated at the door of their cabin watching the sunset. That sun which was sinking behind the horizon, a century and a half ago, is the same sun that we see to-day. That afternoon it sank behind the mountains with as much solemnity and majesty as if it never intended to rise again. It was one of those sublime moments in which it seems as if time itself had stopped. One of those fêtes of nature not handed down to history, one of those radiant and glorious days in which it seems as if the world had reached the height of her beauty and that all past time had been a period of adolescence, just as all future time would be a descent, a painless old age which would end in nothing. It was that melancholy hour in which the soul takes part in the tragedy of the death of a day, as if it were a new spectacle, never to

be repeated—the hour in which we remember the beings we have known and loved and who have passed from us, and we feel ashamed of living a life they have left.

Carmela and Damian gazed at the setting sun whose last rays tinged the sky with a sort of prophetic light, in which their perturbed spirits might be said to be reflected. Uncultivated and rough as they were by nature, both felt, at that moment, perhaps on account of the agitation in their souls, that the setting sun of that day ought not to be regarded with the indifference of other days, that this was for them a critical and predestined hour, an hour of mystery and fatality. Perhaps for this same reason, their limited natures did not permit them to give account of what they felt nor to analyze the unformed images of life and death, of foreboded pains, which seemed to be piled up in the East as the sun sank to rest. Great was the terror of these guilty ones who kept silence, fearing to reveal their secrets. They did not look at one another, nor wonder at this reciprocal reserve.

It sometimes happens in certain tragic moments that a power is awakened in us, more clear than the intelligence itself and utterly independent of the will; and this faculty, conceived and executed by itself alone, had established already, between the wife who intended breaking her marriage vows and the jealous husband who was planning an assassination, a sort of intuition which served as a tacit agreement, or unpremeditated complicity that neither the one nor the other should be astonished at a silence so long and unjustified at first.

When the sun had disappeared from sight, both breathed more freely as if they had finished a task of many hours. The contract was signed. The resolution of the two was as irrevocable as the death of that day.

They finally looked at each other without fear or reserve. Damian did more. He raised his eyes to the castle and saluted the señor baron who was looking fixedly at Carmelita, who, in

turn, bowed to the gentleman with perfect frankness.

Damian had been watching her. He stretched his rheumatic foot and exclaimed, smiling:—

"Well, I believe I'm all right again. I'll take a turn through the village. I shall spend the night there to see if I can make a few *reals*. I shall return tomorrow early to pick up the fish that fall in the nets to-night. Eh, Carmelita! Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Damian," said Carmela mechanically.

Never before had husband and wife taken leave of each other in this manner. But they did not notice it.

Damian took his hat and a stick, crossed the walnut bridge and clambered down the moat in search of the path which led to the village. The sun still gilded the peak of a distant mountain.

Eight hours later the sun had returned to the door of the cabin. All the sadness and solemnity with which it had set the day before had been pure farce. Here it was again, more cheerful than ever, red as fire, climbing along the heavens, as timidly as if it were the first time the journey had ever been made, and scattering life and exultation wherever its warm rays penetrated. The waters sparkled, the hens cackled. The mists of the Ebro were dispelled as if by enchantment. Even laziest birds were stretching their wings. The cattle lowed and the shepherds gaily sang from the depths of the valleys.

It was, then, the same sun, which during the eight hours of its absence, had struck twelve in America, served as a god to the idolaters of the Pacific Ocean, illumined several marriages in China, toasted the natives of Hindostan, and was coming now, filled with curiosity to know what had happened to the two peasants of lofty Aragon who were left seated at the door of their cabin the afternoon before.

As regards Damian, we can say that he also was more content that morning than the afternoon before, if we can judge by the lively and cheerful manner in which he climbed the ramparts of the castle, followed by other fishermen

shouting joyfully the latest popular song.

They reached the drawbridge, which was already raised, crossed the fortress where all was silent, and came to the little grass plot in front of Damian's cabin.

"How the cascade roars," said one of the fishermen.

"Why, where's the little bridge?" asked Damian. "It's true! Look, look, the two ends have given way! It must have sunk!"

"What could have happened! Such a broad heavy walnut plank."

"I shall have to buy another to-day!" answered Damian indifferently. "Now, then, boys, help me pull up these nets before it grows any later."

Resuming their interrupted song, the men began to pull at the ropes.

"Diablo! how heavy it is," exclaimed a fisherman. "Oh, you have made a great catch!"

"At least two hundred and fifty pounds," said a second man.

"Good catch, eh?" called out Damian loudly.

"You're right," added another. "You've caught your walnut bridge."

Damian smiled.

"If you say that your net is heavy," cried out another fisherman, who was pulling the second net, "this one isn't behind it. It weighs at least three hundred pounds!"

"A good pair of rocks have gone into those nets," said the first man enviously.

Damian seemed startled, almost terrified.

"What! both nets weigh the same!" he murmured. "It can't be."

Just then the first net began to appear. Within it was indeed found the walnut plank, but not entire—the exact half.

The little walnut bridge must have been sawed through on the previous night.

The fishermen had not yet recovered from their surprise when they drew back suddenly and began to shout. To these cries there echoed from the cabin a terrible, a fearful scream. Damian appeared in the doorway, his hair in

disorder, his expression absolutely vacant, laughing like a fury escaped from the infernal regions.

The fishermen had found in the bottom of the net the corpse of Don Jaime.

Damian had found his cabin deserted and Carmen's bed untouched.

Was Carmelita in the other net? with the other half of the walnut plank?

"She also! I did not count upon so many, did not want that! I wished to save her for myself, although she was

bad! She also! My Carmen! Ah, a good catch!" screamed Damian between savage bursts of laughter and with all the strength of his lungs.

He ran and shut himself in the cabin. When the officer entered to arrest him, he found that he was armed with a saw cutting his right hand and screaming with fearful glee:—

"A good catch, a good catch!"

From the Spanish of Pedro Antonio de Alarcón,  
by Jean Raymond Bidwell.

*A Quaint Spectacle at Westminster.*—The House of Lords presents a very quaint appearance during the hearing of the important trade-union appeal, *Allen vs. Flood*, in which for the first time in seventeen years the judges of the High Court have been summoned to give their opinion and advice. Eight of their lordships, in full-bottomed wigs and their robes of state, almost sitting upon one another's laps, are seated at a small table, between the lord chancellor and the narrow space reserved for the bar, on two settees in shape resembling the Woolsack. Their mouths are closed, and the most loquacious of them may not so much as put a question to the learned counsel engaged in the case, while the law lords, seated in plain clothes on the barons' benches behind them, are keeping up a running fire of critical comment. There is no provision for the usual voluminous note-taking, and at most they exchange a few remarks in undertones among themselves. To the judicial mind, accustomed to be supreme within its own domain, it must be something of a trial to play second fiddle, or, rather, to play no fiddle at all, but merely to be called in to say whether the strings are in tune.

At the conclusion of the arguments their lordships will be invited to express their opinion upon the points submitted to them, but they have no effective vote or voice in the matter. The judges summoned to attend are Justices Hawkins, Mathew, Cave, Wills, Grantham, Lawrence, Wright, and Mr. Justice North of the Chancery Division, who would hardly be recognized in his scarlet and ermine by the practitioners and litigants in his sober-suited court. There are nine law lords present, including the lord chancellors of Great Britain and Ireland, an unequal number, in order to ensure a majority on one side or the other. Yesterday morning the Bishop of Manchester in his robes, looking rather like the proverbial fish out of water, occupied a seat during the hearing behind his lay brethren. Ushers in sombre black, with rosettes and silk stockings, flit noiselessly to and fro at the bidding of the lord chancellor. As it is not perhaps generally known that any member of the public has a right to enter the House of Lords when it is sitting as a court of justice, the spectators are few.—*Westminster Gazette.*



# The Living Age.—Supplement.

MAY 3, 1897.

## READINGS FROM AMERICAN MAGAZINES.

From The Atlantic Monthly.  
ASHER DILL'S STORE.

I have said that the office in the tavern is the pleasantest place in the village, but some people might prefer the store kept by Asher Dill. The main part of the store is an oblong room, with a ceiling so low that a tall man could easily touch it with his hand, and so black with smoke that it has ceased to look spotted or dirty. On one side of the room and near the door there are shelves and drawers, with a small counter in front of them, for drugs; on the other side of the room there is a long counter for the display of dry-goods, hats, boots and shoes, and other articles. In the rear is the grocery department, and in corners here and there are stacked farm implements, such as rakes, forks, scythes, and spades. In the centre of the room is a big stove, around which, almost every evening throughout the year, are gathered the more sociable men of the village. Some are seated on a low bench placed near the stove for their accommodation,—a bench so whittled by generations of pocket-knives as to have lost all semblance of its original form; others sit on the counters or on barrels; and there are always a few restless spirits who lean against whatever is convenient for that purpose, with their hands in their pockets. If anybody becomes hungry, he rambles over to the back part of the store, where, upon a big table, and indescribably surrounded by nails, seeds, door-knobs, balls of twine, axe-heads, rubber boots, currycombs, and other articles, is sure to be found a huge round of cheese protected by a fly-screen. Then there are crackers handy in barrels or boxes, and of course dried apples in plenty, so that a fair meal can be had at a moment's notice. Payment is made or not made, or

offered, or pretended to be offered, according to the relations subsisting between the consumer and Asher at the time.

But even upon this cheerful scene, when, on a winter's night, the birch wood crackles gayly in the stove, when the lamplight is reflected by the highly polished old red counters, when jests and quips go round, there comes now and then a touch of tragedy. At one side and in front of the store there is, as I have said, a drug department. The door opens softly, and Jake Herring enters. He has driven down from his poverty-stricken home on the mountain side to get medicine for his wife, who, as we all know, is dying at last, after years of privation and sickness. Jake shuffles up to the counter with that apologetic air which is natural to a man who has made a failure of life. The frost hangs from his ragged beard, and his hollow eyes are bloodshot with the cold. There is not much sympathy outwardly expressed for him,—we are not effusive people in our corner of New England,—but still a civil inquiry is made as to the health of his "woman." Asher compounds the medicine which the doctor knows, which Jake knows, which the dying woman herself knows, will be of none effect, but which nevertheless must in decency be administered, since it is all that human skill can provide as a defence against the great enemy. As the medicine is handed to him, poor Jake mutters something about not having the cash in his pocket *just then* to pay for it; but Asher cheerfully replies, "That's all right."

Asher is a shrewd man at a bargain, but he has a heart in his bosom. He furnishes the medicine, and in a day or two he will furnish the coffin, knowing that Jake will never be able to pay for it, and that he may or may not get the

money out of the selectmen. Jake, taking the bottle, leaves the store, and presently the sound of his sleigh-bells is borne on the frosty air as he urges forward his old lame horse. Asher goes back to his books,—which he always posts at night, for he takes little part in the conversation around him,—but he makes no charge for the medicine. Perhaps that small account, with some others, will be balanced in those celestial books which, we hope or fear, are kept for the final reckoning with mankind.

This incident gives the conversation a new turn, and strange stories are told about Jake Herring's housekeeping and general shiftlessness. It is recalled how, before he built the lean-to which now serves for a barn, his old black mare was kept, in cold weather, in the same house with the family, and how on one occasion Jake complained that their dinner had been spoiled because "old Raven whisked her tail through the gravy." "They say," narrates Foss Jones, "that when the doctor went, last week, to see Almiry [Jake's wife], he found a bushel of potatoes in the bed with her. It was the only place they had to keep them from freezing."

Nobody starves to death in our village, but some of the mountain folk, who live far away on by-roads, in places which are often inaccessible in winter, are very poor, ill nourished and ill-clothed. However, the prevailing tone in Asher Dill's store and in the village generally is a humorous one,—a tone of irony and of good-natured sarcasm. Almost everybody cultivates a fine sense of humor; in fact, to be humorous, and especially to be good at repartee, is the one intellectual ambition of the community. We do not care much for learning of any sort. Our letters—which we put off writing till about six months after they are due—do not excel in grammar or in penmanship. And it is really astonishing, even to ourselves, how little we care for what goes on in the outside world. We read the papers with only a languid interest, being more concerned about the trivial events in the next town, duly

chronicled in the county paper, than we are about what is said or done in Washington, in London, or in Paris. But the sense of humor is developed among us in childhood, and is never lost, even in moments of difficulty or of danger. Last Fourth of July, a desperate character who lives on a mountain road in the outskirts of the town, drove into the village in a little rickety cart, waving over his head a woman's broken and battered sunshade, which he had picked up somewhere. He was very drunk, and before long the cart was upset. His horse, a half-broken colt, kicked and plunged, and tried to run away. The fellow pluckily clung to the reins, and was dragged about on the ground hither and thither, being finally extricated from the ruins of his cart. But through it all he kept the sunshade in his hand. "I don't care anything about myself," he said, as he was assisted to his feet, the blood streaming from his face, "nor about the boss, nor about the cart, but I *wuz* determined to save this beautiful parasol."

To discuss why this humorous spirit should be the prevailing spirit in an Anglo-Saxon community of Puritan descent would be a difficult though pleasant task; but I must content myself here with the obvious remark that it could not exist except in connection with an ample background of leisure. Our village—and perhaps this cardinal fact ought to have been stated at the outset—enjoys a blessed immunity from railroads. The nearest station is ten miles off; and the mails come by a stage which arrives anywhere between seven P.M. and midnight,—except on some nights in winter when it does not arrive at all, being prevented by snow-storms. This isolation helps to keep out the feverish spirit which troubles most American communities. There is very little ambition of any sort among us; and the modern principle that every man ought to labor every day, and through the whole of every day, finds no acceptance whatever in our corner of New England. There is no man in the community so poor that he cannot afford to take a day off for partridge-

shooting, for visiting, or even for resting. If a farmer feels inclined to suspend haying in the middle of a week in order that he may go trout-fishing, he does so without loss of self-respect or of credit; he can get trusted at the store just the same. If one goes to the mill or to the blacksmith shop, he does not feel bound, when his errand has been done, to hurry home; he is at liberty to sit down in the sun and whittle a stick in whatever company may be at hand. In short, we prefer to take such amusement as we can get, day by day, rather than to expend all our efforts in merely striving to better our material condition.

From "A Remote Village." By Philip Morgan.

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From St. Nicholas.

#### GENERAL GRANT'S RIDE.

When, about seven o'clock of that calm August evening, the presidential party stepped out of the Sinclair House, General Grant's trained eye, sweeping over the team with the glance of a connoisseur, at once recognized its excellence. Walking quickly to the driver's side, he said to Cox, "If you have no objections, I will get up there with you." "It is pretty rough riding up here, general," was the reply. "I can stand it if you can," said Grant, as he climbed to the place and settled himself. The president was dressed in high silk hat, black suit, and a long linen duster covering as much of his clothing as possible. The others of the party adjusted themselves in the big, heavy wagon according to their ideas of comfort, and all was ready. Sixteen people were in that vehicle, including Mr. Cox.

The driver tightened the reins with a "whist!" and with a spring, in perfect unison, the noble animals were off for the Profile. The telegraph operator at the St. Clair sat with his finger on the key, looking out of the window and watching for the moment of the start. A message at once flashed over the wire to the Profile House, saying that

they had gone, and the time was noted. It was precisely seven o'clock.

At the Profile a large company had gathered in the office, waiting for the arrival. Among them were several stage drivers, who with becoming gravity gave various opinions, as sages and oracles of profundity in road knowledge, and fully discussed the situation. It was known that Cox intended to break all records if he could; but it was the unanimous expression of the drivers, knowing every foot of the road as they did, that "Ed" could not make the drive in less than two hours, and a portion of them thought he had better make it two and a half, as the last three miles were right up into the mountain, with a steep grade all the way into Franconia Notch. But that he could make the eleven miles in less than two hours was not believed for a moment.

Those of my readers who have visited this famous hotel, the Profile, will remember Echo Lake, and the little cannon kept there to wake the echoes. This beautiful sheet of water, famous far and near for its echoes and their many repetitions, is about a quarter of a mile from the hotel, and the presidential party had to pass it to get to the house. It had been arranged that when they drove by, the gunner should fire the cannon, to announce the fact to the house. At the hotel we were discussing the event, and passing the time as best we could, when—bang! went the gun. The echo-maker had spoken. We looked at the clock hanging in the office. It was not believed it was the president. "It cannot be!" "Look at the time!" "Some mistake has been made!" Such were the expressions heard on all sides.

The proprietor hurried a bell-boy to the lake, to ascertain why the gun was fired before the time. But it was the expected party. In what seemed an incredibly short time we heard the tramping of the flying steeds, and the rattle of the chariot; and in another moment they swept around the corner of the house into plain view.

Never will I forget the scene, as they

swung into the large circular space before the building. Ed Cox stood up on the footboard, with teeth set, eyes blazing, and every rein drawn tight in his hands. General Grant sat beside him, holding his hat on with one hand, the other grasping the seat. The eight horses were on the full run, with mouths wide open, ears back flat to their heads, and nostrils distended. They were covered with sweat and foam, yet all under perfect control of the magician on the box. As they made the circle and drew up in front of the hotel, Cox threw his weight on the brake and stopped at once. He had made the drive in precisely fifty-eight minutes.

In the *Century Magazine* for November, 1892, Mr. T. Suffern Tailer gave the result of a trial of speed in modern coaching. This journey was in France over roads kept in constant repair by strict enforcement of law, and the trial was under the direction of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, which implies that every possible effort was made to insure quick time. The course was from the *Herald* office in Paris to Trouville, distant one hundred and forty miles. Horses stationed in advance were changed thirteen times, and driven, as Mr. Tailer himself shows, unsparingly. Nine people were in the party, and the time made was, for the entire trip, ten hours and fifty minutes, or a little over twelve miles an hour, including changes over macadamized French roads, comparatively level.

Contrast this showing of twelve miles in sixty minutes, with every advantage, and that of eleven miles in fifty-eight minutes, over mountain roads in the country, eight horses to be driven, with sixteen people to carry, and the reader can easily see which is the greater performance. It is probable that Mr. Cox's achievement has never been excelled, when everything is considered.

General Grant, as he dismounted from his lofty perch, was a curious spectacle. Covered with dust from head to foot, he had the appearance of a man who had been rolled in the road. Hat, hair, and whiskers had suffered alike,

and including his clothing he was all dust color.

From "General Grant's White Mountain Ride."  
By George B. Smith.

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From The Cosmopolitan.

#### THE EDUCATIONAL OUTLOOK.

To any one who sits in the office of a college president, or in the editorial chair of an important periodical, or among the recent acquisitions of a public library, there appears a rapid and constant flow of pamphlets, essays, reports and books bearing upon education as if it were a subject new to the present generation. And so it is. To every parent, every teacher, every administrator, the questions of mental training are as fresh as the young minds that require training. No matter what Plato, Aristotle, Quintilian, Gerson, Ascham, Comenius, Leibnitz, Locke, Pestalozzi, Froebel have given out as their experience or their edicts—we all want to discuss the question from our own point of view, with our traditions, preferences, prejudices, difficulties, possibilities and desires. We are willing to listen to those who have gone before us, and to secure, if we can, the prestige of their authority for our opinions; but what we really value is contemporary help, the solution of our problems in this reign of democracy, and in sight of the marvellous changes which science has brought to civilization.

Underlying all our deficiencies, there is the want of organization and correlation. It is not likely that American education will be satisfactory to the most thoughtful people, until it is far more systematic than it is at present—until the relations of all grades, from the kindergartens to the professional schools, are adjusted to one another by such a definite consensus as will be binding like the common law. We lose now a great deal of time at every transfer station. Every higher grade blames the lower for not affording better preparation. For example, not long ago

when the teachers of a celebrated university set forth the pitiable English of the undergraduates and threw the blame on the fitting schools, they passed the complaint on to the grammar schools; and they to the parents; so that it really seemed as if Doctor Holmes's witticism was true. To become a good scholar, be sure and have good grandparents.

Comparing American youth with those of foreign countries, the most competent judges are of the opinion that the Americans have lost two or three years of time in their educational careers. When we seek after remedies, there are two ways of approaching the problem. One is from the institutional point of view, the other from that of the individual. Both processes are good—but sometimes more emphasis should be given to one than to the other. During recent years—almost of necessity—the institution has been considered more than the individual. Organization, administration, finance, architecture, equipment have been the dominant themes—and great have been the results of such discussions. Funds, buildings, and apparatus have accumulated; new regulations have superseded the old; far greater freedom is enjoyed both by the teacher and the scholar. It is really wonderful to survey the country from Bowdoin, in the far northeast, with its gem of an art gallery, to Leland Stanford, on the Pacific coast, with its beautiful academic halls; from Minneapolis and Chicago and many other places in the upper Mississippi valley, to New Orleans and Austin, Tex., and observe that every strong institution is growing stronger and richer. There are probably one hundred seats of learning in this country to-day, better provided with the material aids to education than Harvard and Yale were fifty years ago. Observatories, laboratories, libraries, museums, halls of assembly, lecture rooms and lodging houses, have sprung up as if by the magician's touch. Nor are the buildings merely architectural monuments. They generally have an appropriate equipment—the instruments and appliances

required for investigation and instruction in the natural and physical sciences, or the latest and best of literary and historical apparatus—books, journals, memoirs and the transactions of learned societies.

Another gain has been made, the recognition of an important distinction between the disciplinary period of liberal education, commonly known in this country as "the college," and the freer opportunities of more advanced culture which belong to "the university." A recent writer of great authority, in the new German cyclopedia of education, has stated that among nearly five hundred institutions in the United States that bear the name of college or university there are nine entitled to rank with those of Europe. Certainly no careful American would have made this claim in the last generation.

There is a third advance worth speaking of—and that is the increasing determination to improve professional training and especially to demand a good preliminary education in those who desire to proceed to higher work. This movement will lift the schools of law and medicine above the rank of trade schools.

Only one more gain will here be mentioned—an increasing tendency to separate business management from intellectual and educational work. The larger universities now represent great financial interests and responsibilities. The qualities which are favorable to the control of a treasury, such as skill in making and changing investments, care in accounts, a power to distinguish between false and true economies, and ability to acquire resources, are very different from those of a teacher or investigator. They may not be possessed by one who is a scholar of renown and distinction, or by a teacher whose character and example will exert a strong influence upon the youth before him; consequently, it is becoming more and more the way to choose as college presidents men who have a natural or acquired aptitude for affairs, who can look after the ways and means, and provide or protect the pecuniary re-



sources. This tendency will doubtless gain in strength, and will result in giving more and more importance to the heads of departments, deans of special schools, or chairmen of boards and commissions, or vice-presidents, as they may be styled in different institutions. This is a questionable modification of the methods of the past, which are an obvious outgrowth of the college usages in Oxford and Cambridge—where the head of the college was head of financial as well as of educational affairs. It would not be difficult to name more than one truly eminent man, whose influence upon a generation of college students would have been powerfully beneficial, if his force had been concentrated upon the intra-mural duties of teacher of the public by his extra-mural services, his constant and vigorous exposition of the principles of public education, or his diligent attention to public duties imposed upon him.

From "Modern Education." By President Gilman of Johns Hopkins University.

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From Lippincott's Magazine.

#### HEROINES AND THEIR INCOMES.

Think, for a moment, how much the love affairs as well as the disposition and noble deeds of Dorothea Brooke were influenced by pounds and shillings. What if that uncomfortable Mr. Casaubon, who, Mrs. Cadwallader assures us,—and I, for one, see no reason to question her assertion,—possessed cuttle-fish fluid for blood, had been just as disagreeable without a fortune to provide a library for himself, a boudoir for Dorothea, and servants to keep both in order? Would Dorothea's emotions—and even we who most admire Miss Brooke must admit them to have been troublesome at times—have kept their "rare and divine" quality had they been spent in the cause of making ends meet? We are persuaded that Mr. Casaubon was neat; we know him to have been exacting. Without servants or money, it is apparent that Dorothea's life as a housewife would have been a

trying one. How much less gratifying to be compelled to picture her, with hot, flushed face, bending over a kitchen stove, or wrinkling her brow over the day's bill of fare, than to see her in picturesque attitude in the Vatican, "a breathing, blooming girl, whose form, not shamed by the Ariadne, was clad in Quakerish grey." It is certain she would have needed our sympathy had poverty forced her to sit opposite Mr. Casaubon, contemplating badly-cooked potatoes, and to hear his cold, polite "Dorothea, my love," prefatory to encyclopaedic criticisms of overdone beef, delivered after the mournful fashion of the discussions concerning "The Key to All Mythologies."

Facts force us to remember that, after all, the deeds for which we most admire this modern St. Theresa—her generosity to Lydgate, her presentation of the living to Mr. Farebrother—were made possible only by the money of that gentleman who "had such a great soul, and was so old, and dismal, and learned," and made such a noise when he ate his soup. I find it impossible not to wonder what would have been the effect on Dorothea's divineness had her parents failed to leave her seven hundred a year on which to have her own way. It is not pleasant to think of her as an inmate of Celia's home, as might have been her fate had Mr. Casaubon not possessed a fortune as well as fatty degeneration of the heart. One involuntarily wonders how many pounds of sal volatile Celia would have had to lay in against this visit; for we must admit, however reluctantly we do it, that it was not in Dorothea's nature to be sufficiently judicious or politic to submit herself to the guidance of Celia's eminently sensible husband, Sir James. Is it not then evident that she would have worked herself into constant spells of hysteria under Lady Chettam's "Control yourself, my dear," and Celia's "But, Dodo, James says—"?

Surely it was considerate and thoughtful in George Elliot to allow Dorothea that seven hundred a year of her own, on which to go her way as Mrs. Ladislav. We firmly believe she

would never have adjusted herself to the household of Sir James, and certainly there was about Will Ladislav the suggestion that he would never have been much of a money maker. Moreover, there is a doubt as to Dorothea's capacity for practical economy, either as Mrs. Casaubon or as Mrs. Ladislav. Though she assures Ladislav she will need no new clothes, and will learn the cost of things, there lingers the suspicion that without that seven hundred a year the Ladislav household, early in its existence, would have been compelled to call to its aid easy-going Mr. Brooke.

Now Mr. Thomas Hardy, unlike the author of "Middlemarch," completely forgets to make proper allowances to his heroines. And the consequence? Disgrace or trouble falls with tragic force not only on these straitened ladies, but with equal emphasis on the high-minded, aspiring, peculiar heroes. Moreover, by his parsimony Hardy involves the destinies of entire families whose chief sin seems to have been a failure to put strait-jackets on the heroines. How docile, how well behaved, Tess, Sue, Elfrieda, might have been had Hardy permitted them to inherit seven hundred a year! Tess could have supported her family in an ease becoming Sir John's mightiness, fallen though it was; Sue could have engaged a chaperon; and Elfrieda—well, money is useful even to blue-eyed heroines, especially when persistent old women will go about discussing their sons' love-affairs.

George Eliot, since she was a woman, had probably needed money herself at times; and this may explain why she shows proper consideration for her heroines, letting few of them suffer life-long poverty. Romola's income enables her to care for Tessa and bring Nello up according to her own educational theories; Janet, having money, repents comfortably, being enabled to arrange a pleasant home for Mr. Tryan, to be near him in his last moments, and to erect a stone to his memory. Hardy's poor Tess, on the contrary, is not even allowed enough money to pay

for the family monument. Gwendolen Harleth had been used to ease; and it naturally followed that it was only when George Eliot injudiciously invested the family's fortune with Grapnell and Co., "who failed for a million," that the faults in her character got the better of her. And Rosamond Vincy,—did she not make herself thoroughly pleasant as soon as George Eliot permitted her Tertius to provide his family with a becoming income by writing a treatise on gout and alternating in practice between London and a Continental watering-place? Who but George Eliot is responsible for the tragic career of Maggie Tulliver? Did she not fail to make suitable financial provision for Maggie's introduction into the society of St. Ogg's in the conventional fashion at the proper age, thus precipitating the affair with Stephen? With Mrs. Tulliver, I bitterly regret those "spotted cloths" and the china "with the gold sprigs all over 'em between the flowers," since the cause of their sale necessitated Maggie's wearing Aunt Pullet's made-over gowns and lodging, after her trouble, with Bob Jakin's wife. George Eliot, however, at least permits Esther Lyon to sample financial prosperity before giving her Felix Holt, minus cravat and waistcoat, for a husband, and then wisely drops the curtain on Esther's struggles with Felix and poverty.

From "Hard Times Among the Heroines." By  
Eva A. Madden.

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From Scribner's Magazine.

#### HARVARD TO-DAY.

If Thomas's luck had taken a slightly different turn he might have gone in the Zeta Psi and Porcellian clubs, and so into the Pudding; or he might have failed to reach either A. D. or Porcellian, but still have been a member of one of the younger clubs, and still a member of the Pudding; or he might have taken a different course at the start and brought up in the Pi Eta or Delta Upsilon clubs, in either of which

he would have found plenty of companions. And again it might have happened to him, as it does actually happen to two-thirds of his classmates, to go through college without joining any club or society whatever, except such as are based on a common interest in some study, or some school, or locality, or in some form of religion. If this latter experience had been his there would have been nothing deplorable about his fate. In Harvard College proper twenty years ago there were less than eight hundred students. At the beginning of the present year there were 1,754. The social apparatus of the college has been developed and supplemented to some extent, but its enlargement has not begun to keep pace with this large increase of membership. There is the less need that it should have kept pace with it fully because the bulk of the increase is due, not to Harvard's reputation as a social centre, but to the opportunities she offers her students. Hundreds of men come to her every year for purely scholastic purposes, to learn what her professors teach, and with no more idea of such a course of social, athletic, and convivial experiences as our young man, Thomas, has gone through than of going to the moon. Some of these men are unsocial persons, who are satisfied to go their own gait on their own hook; others are unsocial because their work as students engrosses their energies; others because money is scarce with them as well as time. The command of a reasonable amount of money does not secure social success to its possessor at Harvard, or in any college, but it does give opportunities. A student whose means are very narrow, often has to supplement them by money-getting work, which occupies the hours that his studies leave him. If he takes a scholarship his rank must be high, and high rank involves hard work and devotion to one's task. He is not only more frugal but busier than his fellows whose allowances are bigger. He avoids even harmless dissipations, because he cannot afford them. Consequently, so far as he seeks society at all, it is the society of men of like

aims and conditions with himself, as being more convenient for him, and more congenial too, as well as more feasible. A man does not have to be joined to a club or a society before he can converse with his fellow. The clubs have their uses, but probably the most satisfactory talk that goes on between undergraduates is not the talk of the clubs, but the seasoned communications born of intimacy and affinity which pass from man to man by gaslight in the college rooms. A man may be too poor or too busy in college to form a large acquaintance, but not to make friends and to get the good of friendship. That the richer and the poorer lads are not ordinarily thrown more together at Harvard may be a misfortune to both of them, but it is one that they both wear with equanimity. The man who has a scholarship and lives in College House has, usually, begun the serious work of his life. He hasn't begun altogether from choice, but partly from necessity, and his environment and its opportunities are presumably satisfactory to him. He didn't come to college to have fun, but to work. He finds all the work he can do, and as much chance for recreation as he can improve besides. As a student he is in the position which his brethren of the clubs will be in a year or two later when they enter the professional schools. There the more sensible of them will realize that their success in life depends on what they are able to do with their heads, and they will put away childish things and apply themselves for all they are worth.

Let no one be sorry for the poor student at Harvard. He is the right man in the right place. He may choose all knowledge to be his and the best the university has will be spent to aid him in making good his title to his property. He has everything to work for, everything to work with, and much fewer distractions than his more affluent fellow. He is the especial pride and pet of all the benefactors the college has ever had. All the prizes that are intrinsically valuable have been until this year for him and for no one else. He is not

an exception for whom allowances are made and who suffers by contrast. He is, apparently, the rule, and his brethren are the exceptions—very numerous are made sure—and allowances are made somewhat grudgingly for them. It is not the poor student who suffers because the present social apparatus has been outgrown so much as the student who is not too busy to have social aspirations, or too poor to cultivate them, but whose reasonable inclinations are never quite satisfied because the fact of his presence in college does not transpire in the right quarter at the right time. It will be remembered that when Thomas Bulfinch got into the Institute and presumably into the Dicky also, he bestirred himself to get all the best fellows—that is, the fellows most congenial to him—into those societies. So did the other club-table representatives, who got in with him. By the time the club tables were sufficiently represented, and the fellows who happened to know one another were duly provided for, the Sophomore societies were full. Of course, in a college, where no man knows more than a third of his classmates, and where the class as a social unit has passed away, it is perfectly possible for social gems of a highly desirable ray to be entirely overlooked. This seems to happen pretty often. Lads go to college from small schools, unallied with any strong company, and without social connections of any sort, and miss associations which would be both pleasant and profitable to them, not from personal unfitness, or from individual defect, but because their qualities are not discovered in time. Such men do not go through college alone, but they split up into small groups. They form friendships and they find their satisfactions, but some of them make not more than a score of acquaintances all the time they are in college. It is the presence of such men in considerable number at Harvard that makes it evident that the present societies are very imperfectly representative. Twenty years ago when the Hasty Pudding and Pi Eta clubs had elected as many men from a class as they could, they were reason-

ably sure that they had taken in nearly all the men in that class not otherwise provided for, whose idiosyncrasies seemed adapted to the requirements of their membership. These clubs took in in those days about three-fifths of a class; now, they and Delta Upsilon between them take in hardly one-third. The evil result of this difference is that a good many men who would like to be in the Pudding or some other of the organized clubs and societies, and who are qualified for membership of them, don't get in; the good result of it is that failure to get into the societies and clubs no longer necessarily implies a serious disparagement of a man's social qualities. When two-thirds of all the men in college are left out of all the purely social clubs and societies it makes it easy not to be in any of them. The bigger the crowd is that the clubs exclude the more salubrious and cheerful it is for the excluded. It is pleasant oftentimes to be in the coop, but the position outside of the slats has its advantages. It is a condition of great freedom which a really sturdy chick may appreciate.

From "Undergraduate Life at Harvard." By E. S. Martin.

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From Harper's Magazine.

#### ENGLISH HOSPITALITY.

Complaints used to be heard in times past that Englishmen—some few of them—who had been well received in America had treated their American hosts coldly in England. There may have been such cases. The best society is not perfect, nor always entirely free from black sheep. But my conjecture would be that in most cases there had been a misunderstanding or misapprehension, and that this misapprehension was on the part of the American. One of these complaints was made to me, the maker an American of such a position that it seemed most unlikely he should incur a slight. "When A. was in America he stayed with me on the Hudson. I gave him dinners in New York, and letters to friends who did

everything for him. I called on him here by his request. He has not offered me so much as a cup of tea, nor sent me an invitation of any kind." I suggested that it was already the end of the London season, that I knew that A. was leaving town and his town house closed, and I asked my irate friend whether he had not been asked to visit A. in Scotland.

"Asked? No, not asked. He just said, casually, he hoped I would let him know when I was coming to Scotland. You don't call that an invitation?"

Nevertheless, that is precisely what it was meant to be, and was. It is the English way. The Englishman, I explained as delicately as I knew how, never says a thing he does not mean, never emphasizes, often says less than he means, is never elaborate, not often ceremonious. "He said to you exactly what he would have said to an intimate friend. He does not make allowance for your unacquaintance with English customs. He wants you to come, and if you do not, he will not understand why. Country-house life in Scotland is on easier terms than in England. You do not shoot, and therefore you are not asked to make one of a shooting party for a fixed date. You are treated not as a gun, but as a friend. Propose yourself whenever it is convenient, and you will be welcomed." I had used an unlucky phrase. "Propose myself? Do you think I am going to *ask* A. to receive me as a guest?" Again I had to explain. The phrase, though not perhaps very elegant, is conventional. It is the equivalent of the one which my high-spirited countryman, whom it was impossible not to like the better for his high spirit, resented. It is perhaps rather more common, or is used to supplement the other. If you say you are going to Scotland, the rejoinder is, "Will you propose yourself to us?" For the convenience of both parties a fixed date is avoided, and for the convenience of both a date is named by the arriving guest a little later, and not long before his visit. If it prove inconvenient, the answer is, "We are full on that late. Can you come a week later?" In this

way visits are dovetailed into each other; the host keeps his house full, and the guest arranges his route, or, as the phrase is, his round of visits, to suit himself. All this is perfectly understood in England and Scotland. The American on his first trip abroad did not understand it. He did not seem to like it even after it had been explained to him. He made his visit, nevertheless, proposed himself, got a cordial letter "delighted to see you," went, stayed ten days, and wrote me that nothing could be more charming than his reception, and that A. and all his family had treated him as an old friend. Of course! That is what they meant from the beginning.

The English reserve of manner and speech may or may not be the best thing in the world, but it is English, and you must take the English as you find them. No missionary effort to make them over into the similitude of Americans or others will be of the least avail. They are genuine, simple, convinced, and entirely sincere. We are quite entitled to think that the American way is best, and that an invitation ought to be expressed with enthusiasm, that ceremonies ought to be observed, or that a host's manner ought to be demonstrative and pressing. But you will not convert the English to that view, and the plain alternative before you is to take them as they are or leave them alone.

Of ceremony there is, in truth, very little. I have known Americans arrive at a house in the middle of the afternoon when host and hostess and all the guests were out shooting or driving. The arriving Americans thought they were being treated unceremoniously, and were disposed to resent it. I asked them whether they really thought that the day's plans for a score of guests ought to have been upset in order that the host should meet them at his front door as they drove up. That was a new point of view to them. And I finally pacified them by relating what had befallen me early in my English experiences, which I will repeat here. An English friend, whom I met by chance



in London on Friday, asked me to come to his house in the country from Saturday to Monday. I was engaged Saturday evening, and arranged to come Sunday morning instead. Arriving at eleven o'clock, I was shown into the drawing-room, where sat a lady whom I had never seen, but whom I guessed to be my friend's wife. Of him there was no sign. We talked for a while, then went out for a walk. My host came in just before luncheon, one or two other guests with him. This lady told me long afterward that she no more knew me than I her; that her husband had told her a man was coming down that morning, but did not say who, and she took for granted it was some one whom she knew; that when the servant announced me she did not hear the name, and thus it was that we spent the morning together, neither sure of the other's identity. It was the beginning of a long friendship. It is also a very good illustration of the easy way in which formalities are dispensed with in an English country house.

From "English Country House Life." By George W. Smalley.

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From The Century.

A BIT OF SECRET HISTORY.

On August 23, 1865, the secretary of war sent a letter to the secretary of state, accrediting me as an officer of the army, in which capacity, and unofficially, I was to be understood by the public as visiting Europe. A copy of this letter, inclosed in one from the state department, was sent to Mr. Bigelow, United States minister at Paris; and similar letters were sent to several other United States ministers in Europe. But time passed until November 4, and thus more than two months elapsed before the secretary of state was ready for me to start for Europe. Mr. Seward then gave me a confidential letter, dated November 4, 1865, ad-

ressed to Mr. Bigelow, and a letter of credit on the Barings, and requested me to proceed on my mission.

In his letter to Mr. Bigelow he said: "General Schofield proceeds to Paris. He is, I believe, fully informed of the feelings and sentiments, not only of this government, but of the American people. I commend him to your confidence," etc. Mr. Seward explained to me several times during this period of delay that correspondence then going on with the French government rendered it advisable that my visit be delayed until he should receive expected answers from that government. The Atlantic cable did not then exist, and hence correspondence across the ocean was necessarily slow. The expected despatch—viz., that from the French Foreign Office to their minister at Washington, dated October 18, 1865, and communicated to Mr. Seward on the 29th of the same month—was no more satisfactory, though in better tone, than those which had preceded. In effect it demanded a recognition by the United States of the government of Maximilian in Mexico as a condition precedent to the recall of the French army.

The time had evidently arrived when Napoleon must be informed in language which could not be misunderstood what was the real sentiment of the government and people of the United States on the Mexican question. It was difficult, perhaps, impossible, to express that sentiment in official diplomatic language that an emperor could afford to receive from a friendly power. It was therefore desirable that the disagreeable information be conveyed to Napoleon in a way which would command his full credence, and which he yet need not regard as offensive. Mr. Seward's explanation and instructions to me, after several long conversations on this subject, were summed up in the words: "I want you to get your legs under Napoleon's mahogany, and tell him he must get out of Mexico."

From "The Withdrawal of the French from Mexico" By Lieut. Gen. John M. Schofield.

From The Review of Reviews.

#### THE CAMPAIGN IN CUBA.

In the country which the insurgents command—that is, in at least four-fifths of the island—into which the Spanish columns do not venture except in large force, food grows on every bush and every root is edible for the Cubans who know how to prepare it. There are hill-locked valleys which the Cuban forces hold, and where their cattle graze in safety. Here they have even planted quick crops, like sweet potatoes, which ripen five or six times a year. Gomez and his leaders have, one and all, availed themselves of the advantages presented by the nature of the ground to the fullest extent. Indeed, the campaign has shown Gomez to be not only a man born to command, but one who is abreast of the military science of the day, so far as it can be applied to the peculiar warfare upon which he is engaged. His masterly circular movements never fail to puzzle those who would bring his army to bay, and worn out by the chase, the Spanish columns never succeed in cornering him. The half-grown and immature boys, the raw recruits which Spain has sent to the island, serve but as fodder for fevers and other diseases to feed upon.

The campaign has been one of starvation rather than of fighting, and out of this the patriot forces have emerged successfully. They have with them cattle sufficient for several years to come and crops growing in places where the Spaniards are unable or do not care to go to destroy them. In the Cienaga de Zapata, or the great salt swamp on the south coast, which the Spaniards have never dared to penetrate, the Cubans maintain their hospitals, their factories for the repair of rifles, their depots of stores, their tanneries, and their salt wells. Indeed, with the exception of the question of ammunition, which is not overabundant, they could stand isolation from the outside world much better than could the Spanish forces. Were Cuba to be blockaded by a hostile power, within two weeks the Spanish army

would be compelled to evacuate or to surrender, as almost everything that is necessary for the support of the army, even in the wretched condition that is maintained, is brought from abroad, from Spain, the United States, or Mexico.

Seeing that the waiting game has brought them within measurable distance of complete success, the Cubans are naturally reluctant to hazard their present position upon a battle. They have very little more to win, and a great deal to lose, and so, in the main, they confine their operations to harassing the Spaniards as much as possible with the least expenditure of men and ammunition, and to the husbanding of their not overabundant resources, and they do well. I saw General Weyler six weeks ago in Santa Clara, and he was loud in his expression of contempt for Gomez and his army. "I have never been able to get up with him," he said. It was the most complete and unconscious confession of failure that I have ever listened to.

Of course, the situation is very generally understood in Havana, though this understanding very rarely finds expression in words. Many a man has been sent to Fernando Po for less. But within the precincts of the palace itself, and from the lips of a Spanish officer, I have heard the war characterized as *la lucha de dos impotentes*, or a struggle between two antagonists, neither strong enough to conquer, and it is a true description of the situation. The Cubans cannot drive the Spaniards from the island, and the Spaniards cannot capture the Cuban strongholds or compel surrender.

The army pay is now some four months in arrears, and the discontent is naturally great. If the attempt to raise a loan of another hundred millions, which is now being made in Paris, giving the tobacco and salt monopolies as security, is successful, Spain will have money enough to maintain her present position on the island until the beginning of the next year.

From "The Real Condition of Cuba To-day." By Stephen Bonsal.

## READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

### REMINISCENCES OF AN ENGLISH CHILDHOOD.

You see I say "we" and "our" not "I" or "mine," for although I was an only child my life was not at all lonely, but spent in alternations of companionship and solitude, which made the companionship especially delightful, yet left room for an inner world with an imaginary life of its own.

But it is time that I should explain what this "our" and "we" meant and embraced in the world of my childhood, that world which had the inestimable, blessing, as regards the people who made it, of being a world of sympathy and comprehension, of love and of happy varied activity, touching as it did, on many worlds outside, which no doubt sent gleams of light and waves of fresh air through it, but never penetrated it roughly to shatter and spoil. I know now, in these long after years, that the peace kept for me was kept by those who cared for me, through all kinds of storms and darknesses, of trials and conflicts and pains and labors of their own. But for me they only let the brightness in. And nevertheless to my beloved who shielded those early years, it is a joy to believe they were also bright years, years of fruitful activity, of sweet fulfilment, and perhaps sweeter hopes. I can never remember being by my own or my near kindred misunderstood or misjudged.

Of the three of that older generation who were closest to my early life, whose portraits are above our dining-room hearth now, my father and mother, and my father's unmarried sister, one only remains with us still. The resemblance between the bright faces of the brother and sister which beam on us side by side from those portrait frames represent their true kindred in spirit and in character. Both so entirely free from pretension, self-assertion or self-seeking, both so full of benevolence and active kindness; both very sensitive yet of the gayest and sweetest of tempers, ready to be pleased and amused, pretty

nearly incapable, from their inward stores of kindliness and of fun, of being bored. Detraction and contempt were altogether foreign to them. The laughter and gaiety of which there was so much in that dear home of mine was the laughter of genuine fun and of the kindest humor. I can remember no stories among my father's inexhaustible stores, which he told with such brevity and point, of which the point was the failure or inferiority of other people.

Many of the little family jokes connected with my aunt were pointed at herself. They had both clear, frank, blue eyes and the most infectious of smiles twinkling in those kind eyes and irradiating the whole countenance—the whole company—as if the bright spirit within threw all its windows open, letting all the fresh air in and shaking the gladness out. I cannot so much recall their laugh, characteristic as a laugh is, except rather as a breaking into music of that smile.

My aunt was reported to have had many admirers, but never to have given her heart to any. I suppose her affection for her mother, to whom she devoted her youth, for her brother, whose house she kept till his marriage, and for all of us children filled her heart. Any life less forlorn or "single" than hers can scarcely be imagined. Yet she was a great promoter and patroness of early marriages.

She was our ever ready playmate at all times, and we always believed her joining in our festivals and games to be quite as real and enjoyable a play to her as to us, which no doubt in a very true sense they were, however trying our cookerles of liquorice water and very briefly baked miniature loaves and cakes may have been to her palate and digestion. I remember vividly our own disappointment at one of our birthday feasts, where the large party of cousins was divided into two mutually hospitable households, when our side of the house had saved our birthday wine to concoct out of it what we flattered our-

selves would be an altogether unknown and Olympian nectar, by throwing it with a saucupan of milk, and we found it nothing nicer or more poetical than the familiar medicinal white wine whey.

She herself, our Aunt Elizabeth, always kept reserves of sugarplums and small black cubes of liquorice in the depths of her capacious pocket for any children she came across. And her life was lived much among children of all degrees. For she was in a small way a great foundress of schools. In those days of fifty or sixty years ago, to which our attention has of late been recalled, there were not only no Board schools, but no schools at all save very casual dame schools, in the outlying villages, not only no "compulsory" education, but scarcely any attainable education at all in the country districts around us. The first elementary general school established in our town, by the aid of my parents and their contemporaries, was the British school; intended for all sects and sections of working people, teaching reading, writing and arithmetic, with the beginnings of geography and history. This was afterwards followed by the National School, especially under the direction of the clergy.

But our Aunt Elizabeth's especial field was in the villages around. In two or three of these she founded and largely helped to maintain a school where the successive generations learned all they knew of "book learning." To these schools she, then a bright, energetic young woman, used to ride on her pony on her tour of inspection. "Our duty to God and our neighbor," drawn from the church catechism, were the practical theology and ethics of her schools, enforced and illuminated by her own bright presence and cheery voice. Her adventures on these expeditions, with her ponies, endowed as they were with much self-will, had a share in the comedy of our childhood; also there was a remarkable case of "eviction" in which she—most easy and generous of proprietors—was concerned, with which my father used to take

pleasure in rousing her to indignant self-defence, in which a virago of a woman, having been for many years mildly remonstrated with for non-payment of rent, being at last ejected rather as a pest to the neighborhood than a defaulter in rent, encamped with all her household gear in the road outside the cottage and filled the ears of all who would listen with the tale of her imaginary wrongs.

In spite, however, of these educational enterprises, our Aunt Elizabeth did not represent the more intellectual side of the family. Humble and self-distrustful almost to a weakness, the sweet natural gladness of her spirit nevertheless kept her from being morbid. But again and again I have known her appear early before breakfast at our house, after a walk of a mile, to recant or correct something she thought she had said of undue blame to or about some one which usually no one else could remember.

Her opposition to anything like Pharisaical self-righteousness in any of us children is stamped in on my mind by one of her quaint sayings when we came to her with any childish grievance against each other, "Are you old John Satin's child, without spot or wrinkle?"

I suppose she had a good deal to do, unconsciously, with forming our ideal standard of good and right. There were two faults against which especially she was very strongly set—affection and pride. Also, on a lower level, "greediness" had a place apart in our childish code as our detestation. And on that point a curious piece of local history lingered in our nursery vocabulary. "You would not be a greedy gubbins?" It would be suggested as a glimpse into a bottomless depth of disgrace. And who this monster of a "greedy gubbins" could be, we never ventured to imagine, believing it to be a term of opprobrium common to all English speaking people. It was not until much later days that I have learned "gubbins" to have been the name of a clan of wild Moormen who lived at Dartmoor.

"Pride," our Aunt Elizabeth used to

1 Written the year after her Majesty's Jubilee.

say, "puts a weapon in every one's hand to hurt us with." And "affectation," much through her influence, was invested, to our childish imaginations with a despicableness and regarded with a detestation as of some hideous mongrel monstrosity. "Affected" was about the lowest term of reproach we could assail each other with in our angriest moments. A wholesome fear to have set before us, but not without danger of misapplication. Before classifying people or their ways of thinking or acting among the "shams," we need to know clearly what their natural type is, and what has been their real growth and environment.

I remember being once reduced to the depths of distress by becoming possessed with the suspicion that my governess was "affected," *i.e.*, she spoke and moved in a way not really her own, but borrowed and put on. At the same time I was the victim of a scruple as to the duty of confession, "auricular" indeed, but not all connected with any ecclesiastical system, such a discipline not having entered any one's head in our little family community. My scruple was that if I, even without saying an unfavorable or unjust word, had harbored an unjust thought against any one, my duty was to confess this inward injustice not to any one else but to the person thus unjustly thought of. And again and again this calumnious suspicion of "affectation" would suggest itself to me. That the suggestion could be true could not, of course, by my better self be admitted for an instant in relation to any one included in the ruling classes, "pastors and masters" of the duty to our neighbor in the catechism. Therefore it was a wicked and unjust thought; therefore it must be confessed to the injured party, *i.e.*, my governess. I can remember, as if it were yesterday, the final screwing up of my courage to the sticking point, and one evening, when she left the room where the household were peacefully assembled, following her half-way up the stairs and in a hurried whisper saying to her, "Oh, Miss —, I am so sorry, I thought you were *affected*, but

indeed I don't now." And I remember well the cold reception of what must have seemed to her, totally ignorant of all these internal conflicts, and not of a nature to comprehend them in the least, an intolerable impertinence. I certainly did not think her at all "affected" in the way she received my confession; and I suppose the confession, with the absence of absolution, acted as an icy douche to my scruples; for I don't remember being tempted to any such confession afterward.

... My contemporaries, the "we" of the schoolroom and the play hours, consisted of a large world of cousins living in the town and neighborhood. . . . As to our book learning, the distinctive thing I remember about it was the living way in which we were taught geography; never troubled with long lists of names, but drawing maps from memory, and having a delightful kind of game of "travelling" from place to place, having described to us or describing as well as we could the country and towns on our route. We also enjoyed as much as any game our "mental arithmetic," seeing who could answer quickest various arithmetical questions. In general we found our lessons no burden. Play books and lesson books were not too rigidly divided. We had historical games, with teetotums and circular travelling round a pictorial map whereon were fatal spots, such as the insurrection of Perkin Warbeck or the execution of Mary Queen of Scots, where we were always turned back. We had also natural history games and geographical games, besides ordinary games of ordinary "sinfu' wee" cards, such as old-maid, beggar-my-neighbor, or grab. And reading was always—I am told from three years old—my great diversion, and also writing books myself in a printed character which I had taught myself. For story books we had "Grimm's Fairy Tales" with Cruikshank's illustrations, and "Robinson Crusoe," Miss Edgeworth's "Tales and Shades of Character," and "Ornaments Discovered" and Mary Howitt's verses and stories, and "Pilgrim's Progress,"



and a pretty wide range over the books of older people, such as various voyages and travels and Captain Marryat's novels, especially "Midshipman Easy." Our plays together were often dramatizings of the various fairy tales, or of the adventures of "Midshipman Easy," we ourselves being the actors. When I was alone I had a large company of painted paper dolls, with which I carried on endless dramas of a marionette kind. And besides this, there was always the delight of continuing the dramas and stories in my own head in that inner world of my very own, which I could enter and leave and rule and modify as I liked, unknown to any one. . . .

Besides the house in the town, we had, in those days, a cottage near the river Tamar and the Morwell woods, where (usually with one of my cousins as a guest), we spent some of the summer months. This was simply a cottage among cottages, with a few good-sized rooms added on. The little village in which it stood consisted of the dwellings of the people employed by my grandfather, father and uncles on the quay by the river-side and the canal which led to them from the town of Tavistock. Around the canal and quays the village called Morwellham had grown, as the town around the Abbey of the Benedictine monks, the great employers of labor centuries before.

It was a busy little world, that village, in my childhood, with its canal ending on the top of a steep hill, down which, on what was called "the inclined plane" (a steep road with iron rails), went the wagons, moved by a chain round a windlass, loaded with ore brought in barges by the canal, to be emptied in the quays below, by the riverside.

In the river lay the large barges to take the metal down to Plymouth, at the mouth of the Tamar, and also sailing vessels bringing timber, chiefly from Norway. There were also paved slopes down which, through holes in the wall of the road above, was shot the glittering ore brought in wagons from

neighboring mines which had no access to the canal.

Outside the village was a timber-yard, the meadows and hilly fields of our farms, and a succession of delightful sunny walled gardens of fruit and flowers on the edge of the river, with banks of strawberries and walls covered with peach and pear trees. It was a busy place of well-paid labor, where employers and employed, agriculture, manufacture and commerce were blended, in what, looking backward, I see to have been rather an ideal way. But in those days, of course, we only felt the pleasantness and wholesomeness of the whole condition of things, without any thought of the causes.

Our cottage looked on the broad space between the quays for the ore and the timber-yard. All around, beyond the river Tamar, on the Cornish side and on our own, the Devonshire side, rose hills clothed with woods. Close around us was the busy stir of labor, and its result in the comfortable cottages with their neat furniture and rosy and well-clothed children.

On the way to the timber-yard was one of my Aunt Elizabeth's village schools, with the bright little flower garden, the mistress being a daughter of one of our clerks.

The timber-yard and the quays were our great playground. Great unsawn planks from the Norwegian forests were laid in the timber-yard, side by side, just far enough apart for us to perform athletic feats in trying who could jump farthest from one to another.

On the quays there were treasure-heaps of copper ore, from which we were allowed to gather "specimens" for our collections; fairy Aladdin's-garden treasures of lovely "rainbow" copper ore, purple and rose-color and blue, with sparkles of golden brightness; and also now and then, shining cubes of mundic.

Every one naturally knew us, and every one was kind to us; and now and then we would have some especially glorious "specimen" given by some of the workmen who knew what we liked.

For my father and mother and all belonging to them were beloved in the place.

There was also a delightful wood on the hillside in which we children were allowed to wander wild. There was much freedom and fearlessness in our training. We two, one of my cousins and I, had in the middle of the wood a fairy garden of our own, which we held, as the European powers hold various isles of the Pacific, by right of discovery.

I don't think children could have grown up in a more delightful world, thrown day by day among the people who worked with and for us, and for whom in another way our family worked; the problems of Capital and Labor gently solved by the capitalists sharing the profits in just and ample wages among the laborers, by the employers being daily in friendly intercourse with the employed. For through it all was always the sunshine of my father's presence, his cheery voice and speech, his wonderfully radiant smile.

From "Our Seven Homes," Autobiographical Reminiscences of Mrs. Rundle Charles, author of "The Schönberg-Cotta Family," John Murray, London, publisher.

#### IN THE DESERTED FARMHOUSE.

The weeks went by, Sophie had become the wife of the member for the country, and had instantly settled down to a quiet life. This was disconcerting to Madame Lavilette, who had hoped that out of Farcinelle's official position she might reap some praise and pence of ambition. Meanwhile Ferrol became more and more a cherished and important figure in the Manor Casimbault, in which the Lavillettes had made their home soon after the wedding. The old farmhouse had meanwhile become a rendezvous for the mysterious Nicolas Lavilette and his rebel comrades. This was known to Mr. Ferrol. One evening he stopped Nic as he was leaving the house, and said:—

"See, Nic, my boy, what's up? I know a thing or so—what's the use of playing peek-a-boo?"

"What do you know, Ferrol?"

"What's between you and Yanne Castine, for instance. Come now, own up and tell me all about it. I'm English, but I'm Nic Lavilette's friend anyhow."

He insinuated with his tone that little touch of brogue which he used when particularly persuasive. Nic put out his hand with a burst of good-natured frankness.

"Meet me in the storeroom of the old farmhouse at nine o'clock, and I'll tell you. Here's a key."

Handing over the key, he grasped Ferrol's hand with an effective confidence, and hurried out. Nic Lavilette was now an important person in his own sight and in the sight of others in Bonaventure. In him the pomp of his family took an individual form.

Earlier than the appointed time Ferrol turned the key and stepped inside the big despoiled hallway of the old farmhouse. His footsteps sounded hollow in the empty rooms. Already dust had gathered, and an air of desertion and decay filled the place in spite of the solid timbers and sound floors and window-sills. He took out his watch; it was ten minutes to nine. Passing through the little hallway to the storeroom, he opened the door. It was dark inside. Striking a match, he saw a candle on the window-sill, and going to it he lighted it with a flint and steel lying near. The window was shut tight. From curiosity only he tried to open the shutter, but it was immovable. Looking round, he saw another candle on the window-sill opposite. He lighted it also, and mechanically tried to force the shutters of the window, but they were tight also. Going to the door, which opened into the farmyard, he found it securely fastened. Although he turned the lock, the door would not open.

Presently his attention was drawn by the glitter of something upon one of the cross-pieces of timber half-way up the wall. Going over, he examined it, and found it to be a broken bayonet,—left there by a careless rebel. Placing the steel again upon the ledge he began walking up and down thoughtfully.

Presently he was seized with a fit of

coughing. The paroxysm lasted a minute or more, and he placed his arm upon the window-sill, leaning his head upon it. Presently, as the paroxysm lessened, he thought he heard the click of a lock. He raised his head, but his eyes were misty, and seeing nothing, he leaned his head on his arm again.

Suddenly he felt something near him. He swung round swiftly, and saw Vanne Castine's bear not fifteen feet away from him. It raised itself on its hind legs, its red eyes rolling, and started towards him. He picked up the candle from the window-sill, threw it in the animal's face, and dashed toward the door.

It was locked. He swung round. The huge beast, with a loud snarl, was coming down upon him.

Here he was shut within four solid walls with a wild beast hungry for his life. All his instincts were alive. He had little hope of saving himself, but he was determined to do what lay in his power.

His first impulse was to blow out the other candle. That would leave him in the dark, and it struck him that his advantage would be greater if there were no light. He came straight towards the bear, then suddenly made a swift movement to the left, trusting to his greater quickness of movement. The bear was nearly as quick as he, and as he dashed along the wall toward the candle, he could hear its hot breath just behind him.

As he passed the window, he caught the candle in his hand, and was about to throw it on the floor or in the bear's face, when he remembered that, in the dark, the bear's sense of smell would be as effective as eyesight, while he himself would be no better off.

He ran suddenly to the centre of the room, the candle still in his hand, and turned to meet his foe. It came savagely at him. He dodged, ran past it, turned, doubled on it, and dodged again. A half dozen times this was repeated, the candle still flaring. It could not last long. The bear was enraged. Its movements became swifter, its vicious teeth and lips were covered with froth,

which dripped to the floor and sometimes spattered Ferrol's clothes as he ran past. No toreador ever played with the horns of a mad bull as Ferrol played his deadly game with Michael, the dancing bear. His breath was becoming shorter and shorter, he had a stifling sensation, a terrible tightness across his chest. He did not cough, however, but once or twice he tasted warm drops of his heart's blood in his mouth. Once he drew the back of his hand across his lips mechanically, and a red stain showed upon it.

In his boyhood and early manhood he had been a good sportsman; had been quick of eye, swift of foot and fearless. But what could fearlessness avail him in this strait? With the best of rifles he would have felt himself at a disadvantage. He was certain his time had come; and with that conviction upon him, the terror of the thing, and the horrible physical shrinking, almost passed away from him. The disease eating away his life had diminished that revolt against death which is in the healthy flesh of every man. He was levying upon the vital forces remaining in him which, distributed naturally, might cover a year or so, to give him here and now a few moments of unnatural strength for the completion of a hopeless struggle.

It was also as if two brains in him were working; one busy with all the chances and details of his wild contest, the other with the events of his life.

Pictures flashed before him. Some having to do with the earliest days of his childhood; some with fighting in the Danube before he left the army, impoverished and ashamed; some with idle hours in the North Tower in Stavelo Castle; and one with the day he and his sister left the old castle, never to return, and looked back upon it from the tops of Farcalladen Moor, waving a "God bless you" to it. The thought of his sister filled him with a desire, a pitiful desire, to live.

Just then another picture flashed before his eyes. It was he himself, riding the mad stallion, Bolingbroke, the first year he followed the hounds. How the

brute tried to smash his leg against a stone wall, how it reared until it almost toppled over and backwards; how it jibbed at a gate, and nearly dashed its own brains out against a tree; and how, after an hour's hard fighting, he made it take the stiffest fence and watercourse in the country.

This thought gave him courage now. He suddenly remembered the broken bayonet upon the ledge against the wall. If he could reach it, there might be a chance—chance to strike one blow for life. As his eye glanced towards the wall, he saw the steel flash in the light of the candle.

The bear was between him and it. He made a feint towards the left, then as quickly to the right. But doing so, he slipped and fell. The candle dropped to the floor and went out. With a lightning-like instinct of self-preservation he swung over upon his face just as the bear in its wild rush, passed over his head. He remembered afterwards the odor of the hot, rank body, and the sprawling huge feet and claws. Scrambling to his feet swiftly, he ran to the wall. Fortune was with him. His hand almost instantly clutched the broken bayonet. He whipped out his handkerchief, tore the scarf from his neck, and wound them around his hand, that the broken bayonet should not tear the flesh as he fought for his life. Then seizing it, he stood, waiting for the bear to come on. His body was bent forward, his eyes straining into the dark, his hot face dripping—dripping—sweat, his breath coming hard and labored from his throat.

For a minute there was absolute silence save for the breathing of the man and the savage panting of the beast. Presently he felt exactly where the bear was, and listened intently. He knew that it was now but a question of minutes, perhaps seconds. Suddenly it occurred to him that if he could but climb upon the ledge where the bayonet had been, there might be safety. Yet, again, in getting up the bear might seize him, and there would be an end to all immediately. It was worth trying, however.

Two things happened at that moment to prevent the trial, the sound of knocking on a door somewhere, and the roaring rush of the bear upon him. He sprang to one side, striking at the beast as he did so. The bayonet went in and out again. Then came voices from the outside; evidently somebody was trying to get in. The bear roared again and came on. It was all a blind man's game. But his scent, like the animal's, was keen. He had taken off his coat, and he now swung it out before him in a half-circle, and as it struck the bear it covered his own position. He swung aside once more and drove his arm into the dark. The bayonet struck the nose of the beast.

Now there was a knocking and a hammering at the window, and the wrenching of the shutters. He gathered himself together for the next assault. Suddenly he felt that every particle of strength had gone out of him. He pulled himself up with a last effort—his legs would not support him; he shivered and swayed! God! would they never get that window open!

His senses were abnormally acute. Another sound attracted him. The opening of the door, and a voice—Vanne Castine's—calling to the bear.

His heart seemed to give a leap, then slowly to roll over with a thud, and he fell to the floor as the bear lunged forward upon him.

A minute afterwards Vanne Castine was goading the savage beast through the door and out to the hallway into the yard as Nic swung through the open window into the room.

Castine's lantern stood in the middle of the floor, and between it and the window lay Ferrol, the broken fragment still clutched in his right hand. Lavillette dropped on his knees beside him and felt his heart. It was beating, but the shirt and the waistcoat were dripping with blood where the bear had set its claws and teeth in the shoulder of its victim.

From "The Pomp of the Lavillettes." By Gilbert Parker. Lamson, Wolfe & Company, publishers.

## A CAT'S EDEN.

If one would see how superficial his culture, how easy his relapse into barbarism, he need only open his windows upon an empty lot. This tempting space, this unguarded bit of the universe, brings out all the savage within him. Ashes and old boots, broken glass, worn-out tin pans, and newspapers whose moment is over, alike drift naturally into that unfortunate spot. The lot under my window had suffered at the hands of lawless men,—not to say women,—for it offered the eternal oblivion of “over the back fence” to no less than ten kitchens with their presiding genii.

Nor was this all. The lot and all the land about it had belonged to an unsettled estate, and for years had been a dumping-ground for carts, long before the surrounding buildings had begun their additions to its stores.

But last spring a change came to it. Its nearly fenced condition for the first time allowed Mother Nature a chance, and anxious, like other mothers, to hide the evil deeds of her children, she went busily to work,—

With a hand of healing to cover the wounds

And strew the artificial mounds

And cuttings with underwood and flowers.

We may call them weeds, but forever blessed be the hardy, rapid-growing, ever-ready plants we name so scornfully! What else could so quickly answer the mother's purpose? She had not time to evolve a century-plant, or elaborate an oak-tree, before man would be upon it again. She did the best she could, and the result was wonderful.

When I returned from the country I found, to my delight, the place of the abomination of desolation I have described, a beautiful green oasis in the world of stone and brick. From fence to fence flourished and waved in the breeze an unbroken forest. The unsightly heaps had become a range of hills, sloping gently down to the level on one side, and ending on the other

in an abrupt declivity, with the highest peaks bare and rocky, overhanging a deep and narrow ravine. The bordering fences were veiled by luxurious ailanthus shoots, chicory blossoms opened their sweet blue eyes to every morning sun, and it was beside—

Rich in wild grasses numberless, and flowers;

Unnamed save in mute Nature's inventory.

In the air above, myriads of dainty white butterflies sported, ever rising in little agitated parties of two or three, climbing gayly the invisible staircase, till at an immense height, and then fluttering back to earth no wiser than they went up, so far as the human eye could see.

The forest, as I have called it, was, to be sure, by measurement of man, not more than three or four feet high. But all things are relative, and to the frequenters of that pleasant bit of woodland, far above whose head it towered, it was as the deep woods to us. I chose to look at it from their point of view, and to them it was a noble forest, resembling indeed a tropical jungle, so thickly grown that paths were made under it, where might be enjoyed leisurely walks, given up to quiet and meditation. For there were inhabitants in plenty,—the regulars, the transients, the stragglers,—in furs, in feathers, in wings.

In this nook, secluded from the world which every day swept by without a glance, a constant drama of life went on, which I could see and be myself unseen. I soon became absorbed in the study of it. The actors were of that mysterious race which lives with us, and yet is rarely of us; whose real life is to us mostly a sealed book, and of whom Wordsworth delightfully sings,—

Think of the beautiful gliding form,

The tread that would scarcely crush a worm.

And the soothing song by the winter fire  
Soft as the dying throb of the lyre.

Yes, the cats, whose ways are ever the



unexpected, and of whom I am so fond that one of the most touching objects unearthed at Pompelli—to me—is the skeleton of a woman holding in her arms the skeleton of a cat, whom perhaps she gave her life to save.

The builder of the fences at the back of this Cat's Eden very considerably capped them all with a board three inches wide, thus making a highway for the feline race, not only across the back, but from that to each house door. On this private path, above the heads of boys and dogs, they spent much time. This was their Broadway, and at the same time their point of outlook, where they might survey the landscape and decide when and where to enter upon their secluded domain. How admirable the facility with which these mysterious beasts pass up or down high fences! Ladders or stairs are superfluous. How can one possibly walk several steps down a perpendicular board without falling headlong to the ground? And still more strange, how can one leap squarely against the same fence, and run right up to the top?

Soon after breakfast on every fair day the houses around began to give up their cats. There were three in whose actions I became specially interested. The most important, and the one to whom I felt the place belonged by right of appreciating it, was a personage of dignified manners, and evidently of rank in his own world, a magnificent silver tabby, the beauty of the neighborhood. Next in interest was a white-and-black cat for whom I had a sincere respect because she lived most amicably with two canaries whose cages were always within reach and never disturbed. The third was to my eyes anything but attractive, being a faded-looking, grey tabby, who entered the place by a hole under the fence next the apartment house. She looked ill-used, as if her home life was troubled by bad children, or a frivolous, teasing dog, or a raging housekeeper who left no peace to man or beast.

For whatever cause, when, soon after breakfast, Madam Grey appeared on the scene, she proceeded at once and in

silence to the highest bare peak of the hills, a slightly place, where she could overlook the thick green forest, with its shady walks and cool retreats, and have timely notice of any approach from the street. On that point she found or made a slight depression, and there she calmly dressed her fur, and then, wrapping her robe around her (so to speak) slept hours at a time.

She never did anything on the lot except sleep, and she seemed totally blind to the attractions of nature. I never saw her notice anything. As soon as she awoke she went back through the humble portal to her flat.

This piece of woods was not merely a pleasure-ground. It was a hunting-field as well, and the denizens of its quiet shades were not at all averse to a little excitement of the chase, nor to a taste now and then of wild game of their own catching. What was there I know not, but I judge from the spasmodic character of the hunt that it was grasshoppers.

The silver tabby and the white-and-black, who were daily visitors to the place, never quarrelled with each other, and their intercourse, when they happened to meet on the common highway, was conducted in the courteous and dignified manner of the race.

Cats are popularly supposed to dislike wet, but I have seen two of them in a steady rain conduct an interview with all the gravity and deliberation for which these affairs are celebrated. The slow approach, with frequent pauses to sit down and meditate, or "view the landscape o'er," the earnest and musical—if melancholy—exchange of salutations, the almost imperceptible drawing nearer, with the slightly waving tail, the only sign of excitement, and at last the instantaneous dash, the slap or scratch (so rapid one can never tell which) the fiery expletive and retort, and the instant retreat, to sit down again. There seems to be some canon of feline etiquette which forbids two to meet and pass without solemn formalities of this sort, reminding one of the ceremonious greetings of the Orient, where time is of no particular value.

The silver tabby was an original, and had a way of his own. He seemed impatient of these serious rites, and when within three feet of his *vis-à-vis* he usually gave one great leap over the intervening space, administered his salute,—whatever it was,—and passed on. This cat was peculiar in other ways. Sometimes he had the whole wood to himself, and it was charming to see him wander in his leisurely way all over it, smelling daintily of this and that, now tasting a leaf, now looking intently at some creeper or crawler on the ground, now sitting down to enjoy the seclusion and the silence of the wood. He was a philosopher, or a lover of nature,—

A lover who knows by heart  
Each joy the mountain dales impart.

One of the accusations brought against this reserved little beast is that he does not love man. Has he reason to do so? Tragedies I have seen on the lot, which I try to forget and shall not repeat, in which small boys demonstrated in their treatment of the abused race how much more brutal than a brute the human animal can be. Cats show their intelligence by being wary of mankind.

When October at last stripped the woods of their summer glory, and the weather was no longer warm, the heat-loving creatures deserted the empty lot, except the silver tabby, who often came out and sauntered through its lonely paths, smelling of the weeds here and there, seating himself in a bower that was still green, rubbing his face against something he found there, and evidently enjoying sufficient society in his own thoughts, for to him plainly it was still

A woodland enchanted.

Then came a week of unwonted glory, of distinguished visitors. All the summer birds had hovered over it; toward evening the night hawk circled high in air above it, uttering his wild, quaint cry, collecting food for his little family,

no doubt safely reposing on some grand roof near by.

And there were always the city sparrows. They had taken possession of a vine, which, clambering up the back of one of the houses bordering the lot, had burst into sudden luxuriance when it found itself without further support at the eaves, spreading out each side, and clinging for dear life to the roof, making a delightful screen, as well as a comfortable site for many bird homes. Indeed, there seemed to be a populous bird village behind the green curtain, and great disturbances sometimes occurred, and I could hear the excited voices of the residents till darkness put an end to their discussions. . . . But the crowning day of the empty lot came still later, when a fairy-like kinglet hunted over the rosebushes, and that shy woods dweller, the hermit thrush, condescended to show his graceful form on the fence, until the silver tabby, seeming to regard their calls as intrusions, took up his station on the cats' highway and I saw the birds no more.

From "Upon the Tree-Tops." By Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers.

#### THE BOY.

After an infancy of more than common docility and a young childhood of few explicit revolts, the boy of twelve enters upon a phase which the bystander may not well understand but may make shift to note as an impression.

Like other subtle things, his position is hardly to be described but by negatives. Above all, he is not demonstrative. The days are long gone by when he said he wanted a bicycle, a top hat, and a pipe. One or two of these things he has, and he takes them without the least swagger. He avoids expression of any kind. Any satisfaction he may feel with things as they are is rather to be surprised in his manner than perceived in his action. Mr. Jaggars, when it be-

tell him to be astonished, showed it by a stop of manner, for an indivisible moment—not by a pause in the thing he chanced to be about. In like manner the boy cannot prevent his most innocent pleasures from arresting him for an instant.

He will not endure (albeit he does not confess so much) to be told to do anything, at least in that citadel of his freedom, his home. His elders probably give him as few orders as possible. He will almost ingeniously evade any that are inevitably or thoughtlessly inflicted upon him, but if he does but succeed in only postponing his obedience, he has, visibly, done something for his own relief. It is less convenient that he should hold mere questions addressed to him in all good faith, as in some sort an attempt upon his liberty.

Questions about himself one might understand to be an outrage. But it is against impersonal and indifferent questions also that the boy sets his face like a rock. He has no ambition to give information on any point. Older people may not dislike the opportunity, and there are even those who bring to pass questions of a trivial kind for the pleasure of answering them with animation. This, the boy, perhaps, thinks is "fuss," and if he has any passions, he has a passionate dislike of fuss.

When a younger child tears the boy's scrap book (which is conjectured, though not known, to be the dearest thing he has), he betrays no emotion; that was to be expected. But when the stolen pages are rescued and put by for him, he abstains from taking any interest in the retrieval; he will do nothing to restore them. To do so would mar the integrity of his reserve. If he would do much rather than answer questions, he would suffer something rather than ask them.

He loves his father and a friend of his father's and he pushes them, in order to show it without compromising his temperament.

He is a partisan in silence. It may be guessed that he is often occupied in comparing other people with his ad-

mired men. Of this too he says little, except some brief word of allusion to what other men do *not* do.

When he speaks it is with a carefully shortened vocabulary. As an author shuns monotony, so does the boy shun change. He does not generally talk slang; his habitual words are the most usual of daily words made useful and appropriate by certain varieties of voice. These express for him all that he will consent to communicate. He reserves more by speaking dull words with zeal than by using zealous words that might betray him. But his brevity is the chief thing; he has almost made an art of it.

He is not merry. Merry boys have pretty manners, and it must be owned that this boy's manners are not pretty. But if not merry, he is happy; there never was a more untroubled soul. If he has an almost grotesque reticence, he has no secrets. Nothing that he thinks is very much hidden. Even if he did not push his father, it would be evident that the boy loves him; even if he never laid his hand (and this little thing he does rarely) on his friend's shoulder, it would be plain that he loves his friend.

His happiness appears in his moody and charming face, his ambition in his dumbness, and the hopes of his life to come in ungainly bearing. How does so much heart, how does so much sweetness, all unexpressed, appear? For it is not only those who know him well that know the child's heart; strangers are aware of it. This, which he would not reveal, is the only thing that is quite unmistakable and quite conspicuous.

What he thinks that he turns visibly to the world is a sense of humor, with a measure of criticism and of indifference. What he thinks the world may divine in him is courage and an intelligence. But carry himself how he will, he is manifestly a tender, gentle, and even spiritual creature, masculine and innocent, "a nice boy." There is no other way of describing him than that of his own brief language.

From "The Children." By Alice Meynell. John Lane, publisher. New York and London.

## BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Apocalypse of Baruch, The. Translated by R. H. Charles. A. & C. Black, Publishers.
- Beginnings of Art. By Ernst Grosse. D. Appleton & Company, Publishers. Price \$1.75.
- Behind the Stars. By E. Longworth Dames. T. Fisher Unwin, Publisher.
- Children, The. By Alice Meynell. John Lane, Publisher.
- Dawn of Modern Geography, The. By C. Raymond Beazley. John Murray, Publisher.
- English Sonnets. Edited by A. Quiller-Couch. Chapman and Hall, Publishers.
- Essays and Speeches. By W. S. Lilly. Chapman and Hall, Publishers.
- Essays in Liberalism. By Six Oxford Men. Cassell & Company, Publishers.
- Fiercehart the Soldier. By F. C. Snaith. A. D. Innes & Company, Publishers.
- Guavas the Tinner. By S. Baring-Gould. Methuen, Publisher.
- History of Ancient Greek Literature, A. By Gilbert Murray. D. Appleton & Company, Publishers.
- House of Dreams, The. Anonymous. Dodd, Mead & Company, Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- In the Guiana Forest. By James Rodway. T. Fisher Unwin, Publisher.
- Jucklins, The. By Opie Read. A. & C. Black, Publishers.
- Life and Letters of Benjamin Jowett, The. By Evelyn Abbott and Lewis Campbell. E. P. Dutton & Company, Publishers.
- Merry Maid of Arcady, His Lordship, and Other Stories. By Mrs. Burton Harrison. Lamson, Wolfe & Company, Publishers.
- Nature in a City Yard. By Charles M. Skinner. The Century Company, Publishers.
- New Light on the Early History of the Greater Northwest. Edited by Elliott Coues. Francis P. Harper, Publisher.
- Pomp of the Lavillettes, The. By Gilbert Parker. Lamson, Wolfe & Company, Publishers.
- Prisoners of Conscience. By Amelia E. Barr. The Century Company, Publishers.
- Relics of Primeval Life. By Sir J. William Dawson. Hodder & Stoughton, Publishers.
- Re-open Sesame. By Harlan H. Ballard. L. C. Page & Company, Publishers.
- Ruined Cities of Ceylon, The. By Henry W. Cave. Sampson Low, Publisher.
- Seventeenth Century Studies. By Edmund Gosse. Dodd, Mead & Company, Publishers.
- Sketches Awheel in Modern Iberia. By Fanny Bullock Workman and Walter Hunter Workman. G. P. Putnam's Sons, Publishers.
- Study of the Sky, A. By Herbert A. Howe. Macmillan & Company, Publishers.
- Tales from the Isles of Greece. Translated from the Greek of Argyris Ephytaiotis by W. H. D. Rouse. J. M. Dent and Company, Publishers.
- Thackeray's Haunts and Homes. By Eyre Crowe. Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.
- Topics and References in American History. By George A. Williams. C. W. Bardeen, Publisher.
- Upon the Tree-Tops. By Olive Thorne Miller. Houghton, Mifflin & Company, Publishers. Price \$1.25.
- Vita Medica; Chapters of Medical Life and Work. By Sir Benjamin Ward Richardson. Longmans, Publishers.